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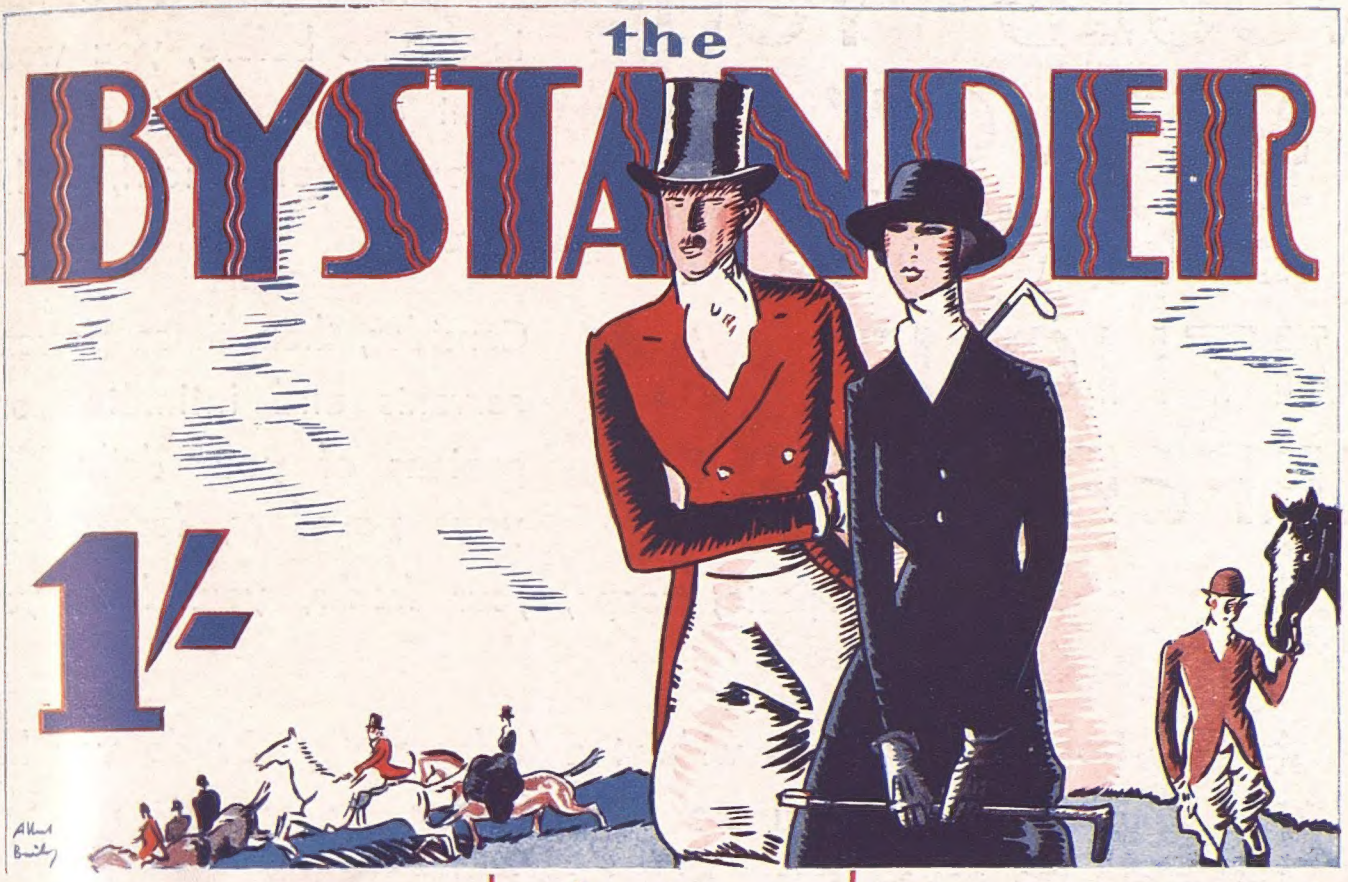
ARMISTICE: With Bairnsfather in the Great War

the BYSTANDER



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The Bystander, November 12, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1404. Vol. CVIII

From the portrait by GEORGE WHITELAW

GILLIAN LIND

Whose performance as the Chinese victim of the gangster in Edgar Wallace's play of the Chicago underworld, "On the Spot," at Wyndham's Theatre, won her unstinted praise from the critics. This play was recently produced at the Forrest Theatre, in New York, with Anna May Wong in the part taken by Miss Lind, and proved a great success

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The Passing Hour

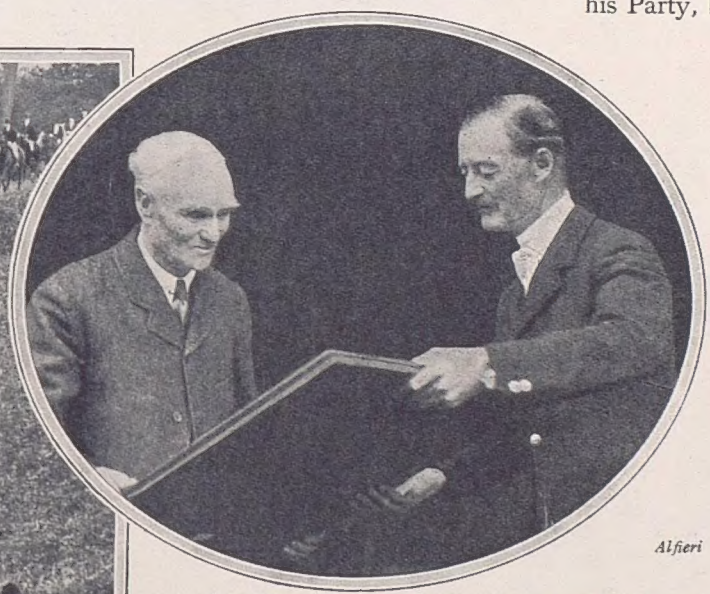
THE elections in America are a matter of the greatest interest to the English nation, quite apart from the probable effects of a "wet" success on our liquor business. President Hoover's promise of prosperity has become badly unstuck in the past two years, and, though the Republicans can point to the fact that the slump is world-wide, it is not much of an excuse. The result of these polls will have a big effect on the Presidential elections in 1932, and it would not surprise one if Mr. Franklin Roosevelt succeeded Mr. Hoover. For this to happen a minor landslide would be necessary; but political landslides are the order of the day everywhere.

TALLY HO! Fox Photos

The opening of the Hunting season sees Reynard more wary than ever now that hounds give tongue again. He is seen above taking cover behind a tree stump somewhere in the Bicester country

Sport and General

Hounds leading the field to the covertside at Gartree Hill after the Quorn's opening meet. It took place at Kirby Gate, near Melton Mowbray



Alfieri

A presentation to George Potter, who has served the Tiverton Hunt for forty-seven years, at the opening meet at Knightshayes Court, the residence of Sir Ian Amory. Lieutenant-Colonel G. J. Acland-Troyte, M.P., is seen presenting him with an address, which he received together with a china cabinet

Becoming Resigned

FOR Sir John Simon's letter to Mr. Lloyd George, and the resignation of the Liberal Whip, may also cause a landslide in our political situation. The truth of the matter is that too many Members of the three existing Parties in the House of Commons are interested in the future of their Party rather than in the future of the Empire. That is why there was all that support for Admiral Taylor at South Paddington. The country is tired of party politics and party jealousies and party bad-manners.

Unmerited Attacks

LOOK at the way Mr. Lloyd George set upon Lord Wolmer in the censure debate last week. "In putting Lord Wolmer forward," he said, "Mr. Baldwin has yielded to pressure to give the House a sample of the young blood in his Party, but if it cannot do any better than this the Conservatives will say, 'Give us the old gang.'" That may be all very clever, but it does not help unemployment, and it does not make the Dominions any more reconciled to us. As for Mr. MacDonald, when interrupted by Members of Parliament anxious to know of any constructive policy the Government might have, he was heard to observe: "That's the gentlemanly Party . . . swine . . . ."

Going—Going!

YESTERDAY I was talking to one of the three most important members of the Canadian delegation to the Imperial Conference. Canada, he said, is compelled to insist on a tax on foreign food. The Labour Government won't give it, and, unless the Conservatives get in before Christmas (which they cannot) and grant it, the opportunity that now exists of reciprocity between this country and Canada will quite, quite

SOME NOTABLE OPENING MEETS

(*Left*). *The field crossing a ford during the run of the V.W.H. (Cirencester) following the opening meet at Bibury Court. Many coverts drew blanks, but one fox gave a hunt by way of Far Hill to Lea Wood, finally doubling back to Macaroni where hounds marked him to ground*

(*Below*). *Moving off from the opening meet of the Bicester at the Kennels, Stratton Audley. Despite poor scent a very pleasant day's sport was enjoyed, although hounds failed to kill*

Photographs Sport and General

definitely never occur again. Let us hope Canada will relent.

Unhappy Mannequins

BUT still the world of fashion goes on, and Vionnet's show at the Cambridge Theatre attracted a full house, including Mrs. Charles Ansell and Lady Pearson. The mannequins, however, looked very unhappy when they were told to sit down on the chairs on the stage and pretend to hold a natural conversation. Mannequins never could do this either off or on a stage. Incidentally, some of these girls held their coats far too tightly, and thus spoiled any pleasing effect that would otherwise have been given to the models displayed.

Topical

The scene at the opening meet of the Eridge at Eridge Castle, the seat of the Marquess of Abergavenny, the former Master. A very large field turned out to follow hounds

A Musical Joke

THERE was one good laugh when a girl came on the stage wearing £100,000 worth of emeralds, for the orchestra, after the value of the jewels had been announced, broke into the tune, "Who cares? So long as there's love." My own criticism of the frocks is that the combination of dark coats and Nile green and the other pale shades used for the dresses is quite unsuitable for England and our English weather.

Opening Meet of the Quorn

THE Quorn, having accounted for no fewer than twenty-six brace of cubs during cubbing operations, held their opening meet of the regular season at Kirby Gate, a time-honoured fixture which has been religiously observed ever since Hugo Meynell started hunting the country in 1753. The actual meet, barring motorists and foot-people, was the smallest seen for a good many years past.

Gartree Hill Covert

BUT this falling off in numbers was accounted for by the fact that the majority of an unusually big field,

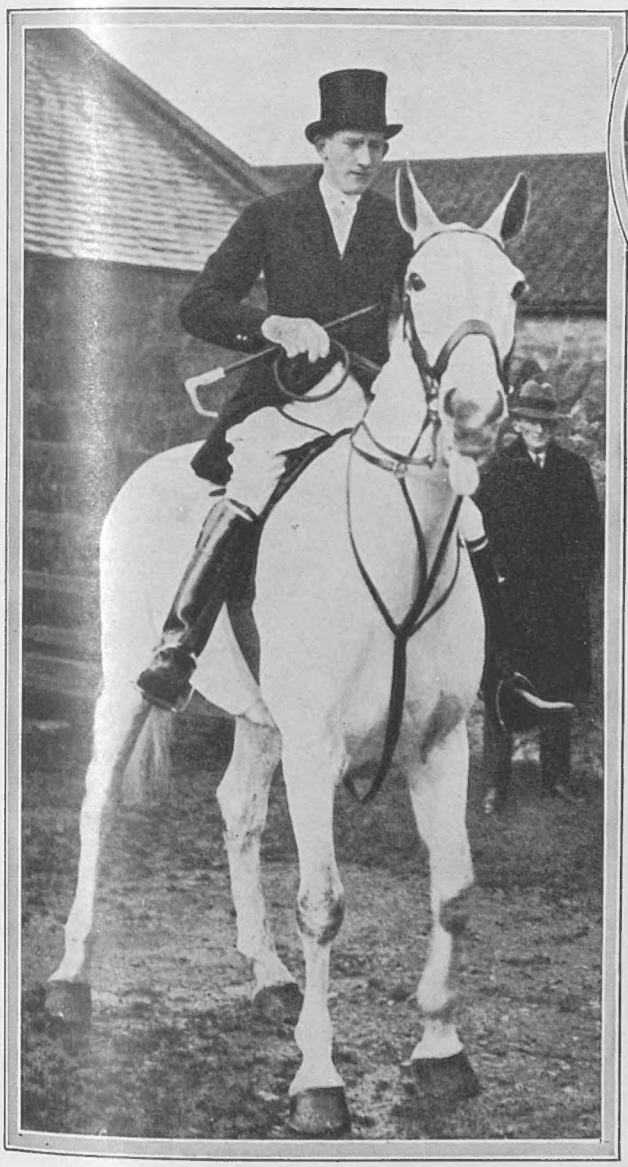
HUNTING DAYS AND HUNTING FOLK

Barratt's

Mr. Reginald Wright, M.F.H., leading the field after the opening meet of the South Atherstone at The Hill, Lutterworth

Barratt's

Arthur Thatcher, the Huntsman, receiving a stirrup cup at the opening meet of the South Atherstone. For many years Huntsman of the Fernie, he is now with the South Atherstone after some time out of the saddle



Topical

The Duke of Northumberland at the opening meet of the Percy. Owing to the recent death of the late Duke, it took place quietly at Chathill Station, Mr. J. C. Fenwick acting as Field-Master for the Duchess of Northumberland, the new Master

Barratt's

Another photograph taken at the opening meet of the South Atherstone. Mr. Reginald Wright, M.F.H., is seen chatting with Lord and Lady Cromwell, who rode to hounds. This pack, which was established this year, enjoyed a very promising cubbing season, and prospects of a successful first season's hunting are plentiful

THE "LITTLE SEASON" GOING STRONG: THE

Miss Elsa Macfarlane and Mr. Robertson at supper during the Ivory Cross Ball and Cabaret at the Kit-Cat last week

The Maharanee of Cooch Behar, one of the many distinguished people who attended the Ivory Cross Ball, seen at supper

Mrs. Norman Freudenthal, the daughter of Sir Hugo Hirst, who, as Vice-Chairman of the Ball, made an admirable little speech, the Duchess of Portland, the President of the Ball, and Mrs. d'Arcy Stevens arriving at the Kit-Cat

including a whole host of notable hunting men and women, had jogged on to Gartree Hill Covert, which invariably forms the first draw from Kirby Gate. Among those who attended the fixture were the Joint-Masters' wives, Lady Nutting and Mrs. Burnaby, the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon, Lady Warrender (looking not a whit the worse for her recent fall with the Belvoir), Colonel and Mrs. Burns-Hartopp and the Misses Burns-Hartopp, the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, General and Mrs. John Vaughan, Mrs.

Mr. Paul H. Baron's party finds plenty of amusement at the Ivory Cross Ball at the Kit-Cat

DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND'S IVORY CROSS BALL

Lady Juliet Duff, the daughter of the Earl of Lonsdale, with Bimbo, the Ivory Cross Mascot, at the Kit-Cat. She was Chairman of the Ball Committee and was largely responsible for the success of the evening

Lady Baron and Mr. Edward Baron's party having supper at the Ivory Cross Ball and Cabaret which took place at the Kit-Cat last week

A family party at the Ivory Cross Ball. The Countess of Malmesbury, the Earl of Normanton and his son and youngest daughter, Viscount Somerton and Lady Rosemary Agar

Mather Jackson, Lord and Lady Ebrington, the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps, Rev. R. Dashwood, Mrs. F. G. D. Colman, Major Harbord, Captain and Mrs. Hickman, Sir Gerald and Mr. R. Hanson, Major Hoare, and other prominent fox-hunters too numerous to mention within the confines of our space.

Two members of Mrs. Norman Freudenthal's party at the Ivory Cross Ball. The Marchioness of Queensberry, who designed the programme, and Mr. Nash

Major Burnaby's Mishap

I AM sorry to say that Major A. F. Burnaby, the immensely popular Joint-Master of the Quorn Hounds, was unable to attend the opening meet owing to an unfortunate and untimely accident sustained while playing "high jinks" with some youngsters at his own place, Baggrave Hall, Leicester, the preceding evening. The gallant M.F.H., through slipping up on a rug, injured the ligaments of a knee, which will probably keep him

COCKTAILS AND COIFFURES

Hay Wrightson

MISS ROSEMARY ELIZABETH NOBLE

Whose engagement to Capt. Ernest John Montgomery, of the H.L.I., has been announced. She is the elder daughter of Sir John and Lady Noble, of Ardkinglas, Argyll

out of the saddle for several weeks. Sir Harold Nutting, who joined Major Burnaby in the Mastership this season, therefore took command, assisted by the Field-Master, Major W. P. Cantrell-Hubbersley.

A Good Opening Day

GEORGE BARKER, who, last season, proved himself a very worthy successor to the famous Wilson as Huntsman of the Quorn Hounds, brought the beautiful bitch pack of 19½ couple out on the opening day. Notwithstanding that the fences are still very blind, and that a high wind, and, later, heavy rain, did their level best to spoil sport, both scenting conditions and going were favourable enough, and a good day's hunting was enjoyed. Gartree Hill Covert, though usually a "sure find," was drawn blank. A fox, however, was very quickly found in the neighbouring Lake Plantation. He led hounds into the Cottesmore country, and might have afforded a rattling good run had not an infernal cur-dog interfered with him just below the Punch Bowl Covert. A fox was "chopped" in Burrow Hill Wood, and another from Peak's Covert rolled over near Somerby, at the finish of a short spin. Hounds found again in Adam's Gorse, and quite a good hunt of seventy-five minutes ensued. By this time it was blowing and raining hard. But there was evidently a holding scent, and the bitches hunted their fox beautifully until he beat them on the bank of a small brook near Ashby Folville.

The Latest Cut

COCKTAIL parties have been given to launch anything from a best seller to a battleship. But I had never heard of a hairdresser's saloon being opened in this way. However, the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps, who recently bought Douglas's in New Bond Street, gave a cocktail party which attracted the whole of the Embassy Club, and you cannot say fairer than that. At least, too, there was some object in giving this party, which is more than can be said of most of the gatherings where cocktails are dispensed.

Elliott and Fry

LADY ANNE EGERTON

Who is to marry the well-known polo player, Capt. Geoffrey Balington. She is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere

Well Timed

LADY CUNARD had the greatest success of the afternoon, for she had timed her coiffure and beauty treatment so that its finish coincided with the start of the party. I did not see Lady Stanley there, but she is, I believe, greatly struck by the shop and by the efficient way in which it does business. One of the assistants is Lady Patricia Ward, while another is Miss Romaine Combe. Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lord Sefton, Mr. St. John Hutchinson, Lady Diana Cooper, with her husband, the Ruthven twins with their dachshund, which they had parked upstairs, the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn FitzGerald, Lord Westmorland, Mr. Peter Rodd—Sir Rennell Rodd's son—who is a candidate for a Cornish division—and Sir Anthony and Lady Lindsay-Hogg, were among the guests.

Taken to Music

LADY LINDSAY-HOGG, the pretty Canadian actress who has recently become a mother, was one of the fifty people who had their photographs in Captain Peter North's collection of camerhapsodies. She chose one of Raquel Meller's favourites, during the playing of which she was photographed. Sophie Tucker preferred a Gaelic folk song. It was a clever idea, and the Duchess of Sutherland allowed herself to be photographed.

Invalids

MAYFAIR is condoling the illness of several of its members. Lady Dean Paul is ill down at Appledore.

Sport and General

Lord and Lady Inverclyde, who are much in the public eye at the moment owing to the nullity suit which the latter is bringing against her husband. Before her marriage Lady Inverclyde was well known on the musical comedy stage as June

HORSES IT WILL PAY TO FOLLOW

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

BREADCRUMB was close up with the first three at Newmarket, and after his number had been shown as the winner and replaced, it was a surprise to many to find that he had not gained place honours. Scored readily over a mile from several good horses at Sandown in May. Keep an eye on him.

BACKWARD GLANCE ran with credit at Thirsk, but met a better handicapped rival in Minstrel. There was a late commission for the youngster. Won three races earlier in the season.

CROWN ROYAL was narrowly beaten in a great finish at Thirsk. Should step up soon. There was heavy speculation at short odds. Finished fourth at Wolverhampton last month.

STAINLESS lost his place in the Nursery at Liverpool, but was running on well at the finish. The tubed son of Warden of the Marches has yet to win a race.

BRAMBLE BERRY gelding, by Sonning, was beaten half a length at Worcester after being backed at 7 to 1 down to 7 to 4. Has had few races and should be followed.

GRANDFLIGHT was backed like a certainty at Liverpool, offers of 5 to 1 down to 2 to 1 being taken. Beaten a head. There are heavy losses to be recovered.

Sport and General

Members of a shoot given by Major R. B. Sidebottom at Rothamsted, Harpenden. The photograph shows Lord and Lady Doverdale, Admiral Sir Lionel and Lady Halsey, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Sidebottom, the Hon. Aline Partington, the Earl of Verulam, Lord Gainford, Sir Walter Halsey, Mr. E. Mitchell-Jones, K.C., and Colonel Edwards

Mrs. Barbara Hamilton is on the very sick list, and so is the Hon. Mrs. Gavin Henderson, whose former husband lives in Calcutta nowadays. She is the daughter of Lord and Lady Kylsant, and her marriage was annulled two or three months ago.

THE SPECIAL RIVIERA NUMBER

of "The Bystander" will be on sale next

Wednesday, November 19.

SPECIAL ARTICLES AND PICTURES and a review of the Season's Prospects on the Côte d'Azur, also all the usual features at the usual price of

ONE SHILLING

Law Reports

THE nullity suit in which June and Lord Inverclyde are involved caused some little anxiety, I am told, in the newspaper offices. The law with regard to divorce cases is somewhat stringent. However, it was decided that it might be treated as a technical legal point argued out by the two opposing K.C.'s, and that was how it was, in fact, justified.

Early Winners

THE Guy Fawkes ball was a great success at the Park Lane Hotel, for there was miniature golf, which drew a huge crowd, and Hoopla, which was so patronised that Lady Cynthia Slessor's husband, who was in charge of part of the stall, was kept on the run dodging the hoops for I don't know how long. People who wanted to win prizes at either amusement had to do it early, however. By the time I arrived, which was eleven o'clock, all the prizes had been won and awarded.

Amongst Those There

DOWNSTAIRS there was dancing to the Embassy Club's No. 2 Band, which is quite the best available to organisers of charity dances, in my opinion. It plays with excellent rhythm, and quite tirelessly. Lady Joan Villiers, who is being seen everywhere these days, was dancing. So was Mrs. Philip Mond and Mr. Teddy Hulton.

MISS VERE DRUMMOND OGILVIE *Janet Jevons*

The only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel George Drummond Ogilvie, C.I.E., our Resident in Kashmir. Her engagement has been announced to Capt. Christopher Birdwood, the only son of Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, late Commander-in-Chief in India, and of Lady Birdwood

BRIGHTER MOMENTS IN THE GREAT WAR

This week has seen the twelfth Armistice Day come
the momentous days of the Great War. At such a
war-time sketches by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather who
Britain's wartime army as did no other drawings.
plays in every exaggerated guise from high-minded
Bruce Bairnsfather shows them with their incorrigible
aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards

THE DUD SHELL

"Give it a good 'ard 'un, Bert, you can generally 'ear 'em fizzin' a bit first if they are a-goin' to explode"

A PUZZLE FOR PADEREWSKI

"It's a pity Alf ain't 'ere, Bert; 'e can play the piana wonderful"

OLD SAWS AND NEW M

There is certainly a lot of truth in that Napo

HAPPY MEMORIES OF THE ZOO

"What time do they feed the sea-lions, Alf?"

"ONCE UP

The days of

RUCE BAIRNSFATHER'S HUMOUR RECALLED

rd the Nation's thoughts are still turning back to not inappropriate to reprint some of those brilliant ed scenes at the Front and caught the spirit of have seen our fighting men portrayed in books and to muddy-minded and foul-mouthed sensualists. As Kipling's "Tommy" might have sung, "We ghtin' men in trenches most remarkable like you"!

S—BY BAIRNSFATHER
m, "An army moves on its stomach"

IN THE SUPPORT TRENCH
Old Bill has practically decided to try to get Private Shinio (the ex-comedy-juggler and hand-balancer) transferred to another platoon

THOSE SIGNALS
THE VIGILANT ONE: "*I say, old chap, what do two green lights and one red one mean?*"
RECUMBENT GLADIATOR (*just back from leave*): "*Two crême de menthes and a cherry brandy!*"

ME"
retrospect

"'STRUTH!"
The above appeared in the first issue of "The Bystander" after the Armistice in 1918

AT THE PLAY

BRITISH MUSICAL COMEDY MAKES

The Hon. Anthony Cheshire (Reginald Purdell), known to his friends as "Cheesie," takes steps to inform Mary Massingham (Marjery Wyn) that "I feel so safe with you"

"Nippy," at the Prince Edward Theatre

THANK goodness the rage for importing musical plays from America is now out of fashion, mainly for the reason that they have ceased to attract. We have in this country both librettists and musicians who can deliver more delectable goods, and the production of *Nippy*, by Arthur Wimperis and Austin Melford, with music by Billy Mayerl, proves it up to the hilt. This show is as English as can be, and only in its later stages has it anything American about it, and then these scenes are merely used for the purposes of satire.

AND just to show that there's life in the theatre yet, the authors carry the war into the enemy's country, and the cinematograph is the butt of their wit. Seldom have I heard more uproarious merriment in any theatre than when all the punk about producers, photographers, caption writers, etc., which is thrown on screens previous to the showing of a film is burlesqued in *Nippy*. Name after name of palpably German-American-Jewish origin appears (including one whole family!), and the effect is so ludicrous that I, for one, felt quite weak with laughter. In the future, when seeing the real thing when I go to a picture palace, I feel I shall laugh aloud at the remembrance of this satire.

BUT, after all, jeering at the cinema is merely an extra thrown in to what is almost throughout first-class entertainment. Here and there during the opening performance the first act seemed to drag a little, but judicious cutting is all that is required to make *Nippy* a thoroughly welcome addition to musical comedies of any nationality.

THE plot is all-sufficient, and differs from the one generally employed in that there are two misunderstandings—instead of one—between hero and heroine. The former is an undergraduate who becomes "blotto" on Boat Race Night and meets the heroine, "Nippy," a waitress at a Corner House, where the action of the first act passes. Being of the musical comedy world this Corner House is, on occasions, conveniently empty, and so allows of pages, waitresses and such like to join in dances and choruses without neglecting to supply customers with "a pot o' tea, please, miss, and a plate of b. and b."

THIS plot is also more than adequate in that it allows Binnie Hale, who plays the heroine, the chance of showing her acting—as distinct from her musical comedy—talent. Binnie's dancing and singing are good enough in themselves to carry her far, but, in addition, the elasticity of the part allows her also to show touches of sentiment, character, and burlesque, all of which are done to perfection. Here, once again, we see the advantage of an artist knowing her job. Everything she attempts to do she succeeds in doing with an alert sureness of touch and a knowledge of stage technique which is as refreshing as it is rare on the musical comedy stage.

ALSO there is a new comedian on view in the person of Arthur Riscoe, who possesses a most amusing personality. Gifted with a vibrant voice, a whisper from which might be heard all over Olympia, he can also dance, and sing so clearly that it would delight the heart of a lyric writer, while late in the evening he shows a sense of satirical character drawing by appearing as an American film star manager who can boast with the best. I don't think I have ever seen this actor previously, but I suspect that now London has

Albert Crumpet (Arthur Riscoe), film star manager, and Nippy Grey (Binnie Hale), the managed star, who makes a personal appearance at the Resplendent Super Cinema, London, W., while a vurry Amurrican version of "The Lady of Lyons" is shown on the screen

GOOD — By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "NIPPY," AT THE PRINCE EDWARD THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

A little interlude in which Nippy Grey (Binnie Hale), all dolled up, indulges in a pantomimic dance called "The Toy Town Party"

sampled him he will soon become a favourite, and, unlike favourites of another kind, bring profit to his backers and give satisfaction to the public.

OTHERS who have chances are Marjery Wyn and Reginald Purdell, at their best in a duet and dance, "I feel so safe with you," one of many good numbers which Billy Mayerl has composed, though the most popular will undoubtedly be another duet called "It must be you." Clifford Mollison is on hand to make of the hero a most entertaining person — which heroes seldom are; and Margaret Baird and Betty Shale, in minor parts, both add to the evening's amusement.

IN place of the usual theatre orchestra the music is played by Debroy Somers and his band, and they do their job most satisfactorily; but I wish that Mr. Somers would refrain from facing the audience while conducting overture and interlude. It is not out of place that he should adopt this attitude when the National Anthem is being played, as then his baton beats for the whole house, but on other occasions it might be suggested that the conductor is *not* there to be looked at even when he is closely allied to "the glass of fashion and the mould of form."

"Bitter Sweet" Again

AFTER playing the heroine in *Bitter Sweet* at His Majesty's for over fifteen months, Peggy Wood has earned a rest, and while she is taking it Evelyn Laye, "for a limited season," is playing this part after far too long an absence from our stage, an absence which I hope will not be repeated.

AND what a difficult part it is! It would tax the power of any actress successfully to depict the various phases of a woman's life at twenty, twenty-five, forty, and seventy, but this Evelyn Laye does to perfection both in looks and acting; while her delightful voice does full justice to the charming music.

NO wonder that her reception was enthusiastic, an enthusiasm which the actress obviously appreciated, and in a sincere little speech of thanks expressed regret that Peggy Wood was not present to share in it. Each actress gives a different rendering. Each actress is an artist, and *Bitter Sweet* fans, of whom there are many, may now argue about which rendering of the part they prefer.

"An Object of Virtue" at the Duchess Theatre

THIS adaptation by Edward Percy of a French classic bored me almost as much as classics did when I was at school. Though still in the repertory of the Comédie Française I gravely doubt whether this type of play, which has been described as a "mechanical rabbit," possesses any attraction for English audiences nowadays, despite the efforts of George Curzon, Horace Hodges, C. V. France, Brian Aherne or Jean Forbes Robertson to give life to the *lepus cuniculus*.

V. W.

BOAT RACE NIGHT AT A CORNER HOUSE

Bob Dering (Clifford Mollison), full of spirits, after souvenir hunting with the Force, is seen falling for a winsome waitress, Nippy Grey (Binnie Hale)

Janet Jevons

EVELYN LAYE

Who scored a great personal triumph in "Bitter Sweet" when she took over Peggy Wood's part last week in Noel Coward's delightful operette at His Majesty's Theatre. This is her first appearance since her return from Hollywood, where she has been making a talkie, "Indiscretion," in which she stars with John Boles

PARIS GOSSIP

"The Art market is bad. More offers than sales"

NOTABLE NOVEMBER HAPPENINGS — By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrated by A. GALLAND

A RUSSO-ARGENTINE WEDDING

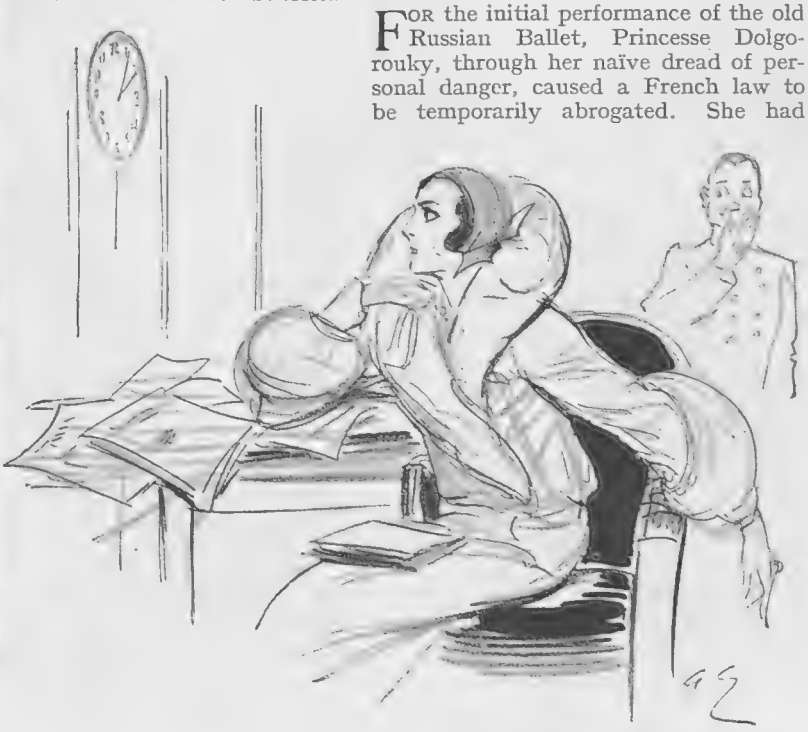
Prince Alexander Dietrichstein de Nicolsburg and his Argentine bride, Senorita Mercédès Dose, photographed after their wedding in Paris. They are seen leaving the Church of St. Honoré d'Eyleau

Now that nearly everybody has returned to Paris people seem to be getting married again. The wedding of the week was held at St. Honoré des Argentines—I mean St. Honoré d'Eyleau, the little church in the Place Victor Hugo, which is the stronghold of the South American colonies. Of course, the wedding wasn't all Argentine; it was half Austrian. Senorita Mercédès Dose married Prince Alexander Dietrichstein de Nicolsburg. While glancing around the church in religious awe, and while waiting for the exit of the bridal party to see what the bride was wearing, I sensed a harrowing omen of fashions in hats—the Princesse Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge and Madame Lelong, née Princesse Paley, wore black hats so tiny, and revealing half the crowns of their heads, that I thought that if Reboux, etc., keep up this fashion, hats will simply go out of existence. The new hats are merely hats in name only. The only hat that was a hat was a fairly large one worn by Madame Octave Bemberg, the wife of the Argentine Chargé d'Affaires.

THE prettiest woman at the wedding was Madame Martinez de Hoz, wearing a black coat the upper part and entire sleeves of which were of ermine. The bride, who was unattended but for two little white-gowned flower girls, is an orphan and has lived in Paris under the chaperonage of a relative, Madame de Gainza. The wedding gown was made by Chanel—white satin, with a high pointed neck-line, and the skirt, simply belted at the waist, fell just below the ankles, while the only ornamentation was diamond-shaped shirring on the front and back of the bodice.

PRINCE DIETRICHSTEIN'S mother was a Princesse Dolgorouky, of the same family as that other Princesse Dolgorouky who was a direct descendant of Rurik, and who lived in Paris in great style before the Russian revolution. She was unbelievably wealthy, and carried Russia with her wherever she went; in fact, to such an extreme that a heavily armed Cossack used to stand behind her chair in her house in the Avenue Raphael.

FOR the initial performance of the old Russian Ballet, Princesse Dolgorouky, through her naïve dread of personal danger, caused a French law to be temporarily abrogated. She had



A study of Mlle. Gaby Morlay, the famous actress, appearing in Bernstein's "Felix" at the Gymnase Theatre in Paris

P. and A.

Rosie and Jenny Dolly in the cocktail bar which is a feature of the fashion shop in the Champs Elysées, in Paris, which the latter has opened. They are seen with their father sampling a cocktail

invited Prince Georges Bibesco, who was her godson, and his wife to accompany her to the ballet. She refused, however, to encounter the dangers of Paris streets and the Chatelet theatre unless the Cossack accompanied her in all his glory. A French law forbids the presence in the streets of armed foreign soldiers, and so, to humour his godmother, and without telling her a word, Georges Bibesco obtained special permission for the Cossack's appearance from the Prefect of Police.

That night, at the theatre, the audience was distinctly startled, and her guests rather embarrassed, by the presence of the scarlet-uniformed Cossack, armed to the teeth and flashing sabres, cartridges, revolvers, and daggers, who stood in the loge behind the aged Princesse Dolgorouky's chair. That night she wore, besides other magnificent jewels, ropes of large and perfect pink pearls that had come down to her from Catherine of Russia.

P. and A.

Jenny Dolly (right) puts the finishing touches to one of the dresses before a mannequin display at her new shop in the Champs Elysées. Her sister Rosie took part in the show

FROM the window of a taxi the other day I saw, in front of the Hôtel Astoria, Louis Verneuil, who stood beside a car. Within was Elvire Popesco, so I suppose they are friends again. . . . There is nothing like association of ideas, is there? It is an old theatrical custom that actresses keep their admirers waiting, and are also famed for being unreliable about any engagement whatever. At lunch the other day I saw the tables turned. While seated at one of the hall tables of the Ritz, Cambon side, Gaby Morlay, the star of Bernstein's *Félix*, entered, looked about anxiously, scowled, went so far as to look into the grill, and left. Her "date" had evidently not turned up. Surely this is the first time on record that an actress has been left waiting at the Ritz?

"'Ah, but for you, madame, we will make the exception. But we beg of you not to tell your friends'"

WAY down by the Place de la République is a "wholesale" house where beautiful bags are strewn carelessly upon dusty counters. Shoppers enter timidly, ask to look at the bags, are told by shirt-sleeved clerks that the establishment is solely wholesale, and unless they are provided with a commissionaire's card the wares are unattainable. As soon as tears are threatened, the clerk says, "Ah, but for you, Madame, we will make the exception. But we beg of you that you tell not your friends." So bags are bought for as high or higher prices than those asked by the shops of the rue de la Paix or the rue St. Honoré. The delighted customer then leaves the shop . . . that is no more wholesale than Cartier's.

AH! Art, with a big A, is again with us, the Salon d'Automne hanging, as usual, six thousand painters—I mean paintings. This year the jury has been more strict in accepting canvases, and has succeeded in eliminating the work of any painter who possesses any talent. The art market is bad, more offers than sales; but one more disgraceful official Salon and the public will desert it entirely, and finally go where it is welcomed whether it buys or not, and where the public will enjoy itself—I mean in the galleries of the art dealers. The hounds of the Montparnasse heaven may howl at the commercialisation of the art field, but the dealers, for all that they justly profit by it, do a great deal more for art than the State. The latter subsidises the Salons, buys a few bad pictures for the long-suffering Luxembourg, gives a red ribbon to an artist or so of pronounced mediocrity, and the tax-payers are the ultimate victims. On the other hand, the dealers make large advances to artists with genuine talent, and as eventually their paintings find their way abroad, the prestige of French art is upheld. S. L.

BY HENDY

GUEST OF HONOUR (responding to toast): *"Gentlemen, as Antony said when he lifted the flap of Cleopatra's tent, 'I have not come here to talk!'"*

If Gossip

Navana

Dorothy Crofts, the charming young actress who takes the part of Barbahen in "Frederica." This play, the music of which is by Franz Lehar, of "Merry Widow" fame, is proving very popular at the Palace Theatre

I CAN imagine no better prelude to the cheerfulness of the annual dinner of the Stage Golfing Society than a thoroughly bad Channel crossing. The latter, for even a good sailor (one of the few gifts allotted to me by Providence being the total inability to be, or even to feel, seasick), is so appalling that I enjoy it somewhat after the fashion of the lunatic who explained that he kept on hitting himself over the head with a hammer because it was so nice when he left off. What with the equinoctial gales and some equally obnoxious males a Channel boat can be a mightily unpleasant spot just now.

AMONG my fellow-passengers were some members of a football team returning from Paris victorious. They embarked riotously. Five minutes outside the harbour they changed their colours for green and white and grew strangely silent. Later their unanimity was wonderful.

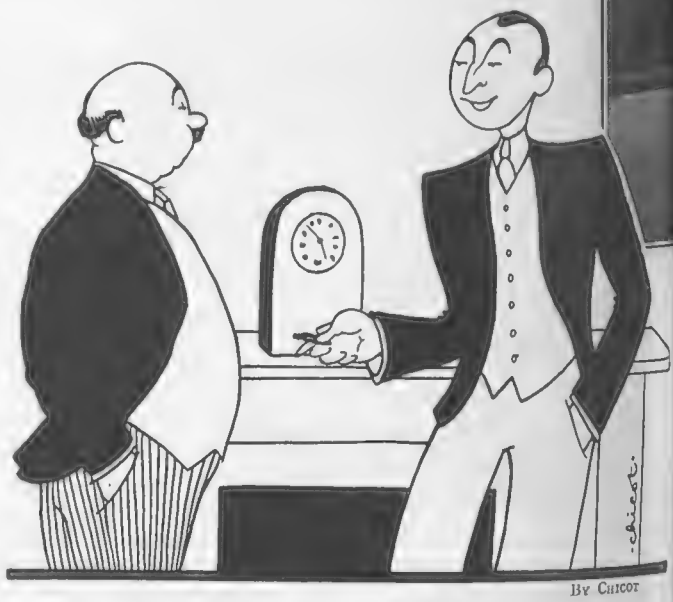
AN indefatigable cross-Channel passenger is Mr. Gordon Selfridge, and it is seldom possible to travel from Boulogne to Folkestone on a Sunday without seeing him. Invariably he wears a black overcoat and a white slip to his waistcoat; invariably he descends during the sea passage to a bargain cabin in the basement, and he dines in the Pullman off three boiled eggs.

PARIS I had found wet and depressing, for the previous day was All Saints' Day, the only justification of which seems to be that it gives the shopkeepers a rest and keeps the street flowersellers busy. For Parisians go, flowerladen, to the cemeteries of Picpus and Père Lachaise robed in the deepest mourning. They do not, of course, intend this to be a day of enjoyment.

NONE the less, they cheer up a lot in the evening, and it would be a very good thing if we could follow their example and institute All Saints' Day (on the Monday nearest to it, if it does not fall on a Monday) a Bank Holiday. Not that I am personally enamoured by Bank Holidays as such, but for those engaged in routine work

Topical

Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson has gone into winter quarters at Roughton, near Cromer. He has rented a field in which he camps when in the district



By Chicot

"When will George be out of the nursing home?"
"Oh, not for some time!"
"How do you know? Have you seen his doctor?"
"No. I've seen his nurse!"

We Must. . . .

the stretch from August Bank Holiday to Boxing Day is a long one without a break.

To return to the Stage Golfing Society's dinner, it was better than Paris and better than the Channel boat. As, I fancy, the only living London journalist who has never played golf, even once, I was unable to appreciate the niceties of the golfing jokes in the various speeches. But the Prince of Wales was genuinely amusing, and raised plenty of real (and not sycophantic) laughs at a function where the standard of humour has for years been exceptionally high.

Photopress

Lord Elmley is another M.P. who has gone to the country—but not in the political sense. He is seen on the top of the old lighthouse in which he lives at Winterton, East Norfolk, which constituency he represents in the House, viewing the landscape o'er

The Prince, who looked splendidly well, as did Prince George, enjoyed the subsequent entertainment, in which, for the first time, ladies took part. It was, in the main, a Harker show. For those who have crammed into the small but hospitable house of the Harker family once a year this is a sufficient label of excellence.

No real musical comedy has ever been half as funny as "The Race-course Girl," which was supposed to be played on this occasion by "the Old Boys of St. Hassock's School," with Gordon Harker delivering an introductory address as head master. Fay Compton burlesqueing a musical comedy heroine was delicious. She has been one herself, so should know. Besides, she learned the whole art of burlesque in the "Follies" from her first husband, dear Harry Pelissier.

In order to see what sort of reception Vice-Admiral Taylor would be given by the Front Bench Conservatives, I visited the House of Commons on the day of his introduction. Rear-Admiral Sueter had come to his rescue, presumably as an old shipmate, and Mr. J. Remer was the other introducer. Both, in the time-honoured description applied to well-dressed people who find themselves in the dock, "seemed to feel their position acutely."

But the truest humour was to be derived from a study of the faces of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Some Socialist members, partly in irony and partly, I like to think, from sheer sportsmanship, raised a cheer in order to enliven the air of embarrassing gloom. Sir Vansittart Bowater, a dignified figure, who was once a Lord Mayor and will for ever look the part, was one of the few official Conservatives who came along and had a friendly talk with the Admiral.

What of the South Paddington election? The Admiral's victory is, of course, an enormous feather in the cap of Lord Beaverbrook, who worked with fanatical—almost fiendish—energy to bring it about. I have heard fears expressed daily (but not *Daily Expressed*) that his lordship, his appetite whetted with victory, will bring Empire Free Trade candidates into every possible con-

Sasha

The Hon. Mrs. John Barran in the "Broken Mirror" costume she wore in the Pageant of Superstitions, which was one of the most successful features of the Hallowe'en Ball at the Park Lane Hotel. She is the third daughter of Major-General Lord Ruthven

stituency, not, obviously, always with successful results.

A development of this policy would cleave the Conservative Party beyond hope of repair and put the Socialists in power for a generation. Indeed, I have heard more than one intelligent Socialist declare that, in the circumstances, the triumph of the Admiral was a more advantageous thing for Labour than would have been the winning of the seat by the Socialist candidate.

S

I do not believe, however, that there is any need for such apprehension. Lord Beaverbrook probably only wanted "to larn 'em" and to show the strength of his hand. Besides, Conservatives are split to-day, not because they do not believe in food taxes (a very unfair way of putting the Empire Free Trade policy), but because they do not believe in Mr. Baldwin.

The majority vote at the party meeting does not really affect this point; it was proof only of a sort of sentimental loyalty, the "public-school spirit," which says you must rally round the fellow who is attacked, whether or no he merited the attack.

S

The public-school spirit is all very well, and a fine thing in its way. But in 1930 politics it cuts no ice. Still less ice is cut by the argument that, though Mr. Baldwin may not be satisfactory, there is no one to take his place. That is all-my-eye and Betty Martin.

What about Sir Robert Horne, Oliver Stanley, Lord Lloyd, and General Page-Croft? And the most suitable of these, I venture to opine, is Page-Croft, whose only faults are rather charming ones—i.e., not enough personal push and too much respect for leaders who are not leaders. He is a fine speaker, his political knowledge is profound, he was a good fighter in the Army, and he is an equally good fighter out of it.

S

I like M. Rabouille, the poacher of Beauvais. He is a pathetic and rather lovable figure. Were it not that his association with the fate of the R 101 is so fraught with tragedy, he would even be rather a comic figure. Here is a little man with a Harry Tate moustache and a bowler hat, quietly doing a lot of poaching, when a blazing airship descends practically on top of him.

World-fame becomes his. He has

By Frank Whitburn

Friend (who has been admiring baby): "Can he walk, yet?"
Intensely Rich Mother: "Not yet, but, of course, there will never be any *real* necessity for him to learn!"

DIANA BEAUMONT

Who takes the ingénue part in the new play, "The Man Who Kissed His Wife," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. Included in the cast are Iris Hoey, George Barraud, and Felix Aylmer

LOVE AND LITERATURE

Pola Negri, the famous film star, is shortly to publish a book of reminiscences, in which she promises to discuss all her love affairs and marriages in full.

DEAR POLA, when your book appears
I mean to buy a copy,
For I'm as sure as I can be
Within its pages we shall see
No stories in the least degree
Insipid, tame or sloppy,
For one who lived and loved as you did
Will see that soul-throbs are included.

A film star who, as Queen of Vamps,
Oft thrilled us at the "movies,"
And proved in most conclusive way
That no one truthfully could say
"That dame's sure lacking all S.A."
In no dull, dreary groove is,
But, passionate and vivid, prances
To meet what Fate holds in romances

I'm sure your book will help e'en those
Who erstwhile have proved stupid,
And by your inside knowledge show
The bashful, shy, the coy and slow
The way to strike a hearty blow
For love and dear old Cupid,
And, basking in your radiance solar,
We'll vow our Negri's far from Pola(r)!

B. W.

to come to London to give evidence at the inquiry. He has never even seen the sea before, but manages to pick on a day when there is a gale, and has the worst Channel crossing known for years. Poor little M. Rabouille, with his bowler hat! Perhaps someone will write a play about him. *The Poacher of Beauvais* would be as good a title, anyway, as Mr. Lloyd George's immortal drama, *The Shepherd of Dartmoor.*

NOEL COWARD is indeed a fortunate young man to be able to afford to insist on taking off a play when it is gathering in a vast weekly profit. He is quite sincere in his determination to finish with *Private Lives* at the Phœnix in about a month's time. No better proof of his sincerity is needed than the fact that this step will affect his banking account to the tune of many hundreds of pounds a week. Which would be a heavy price to pay for a mere pose.

WE had lunch together the other day. "The rumours that I have a vast fortune are quite absurd," said Noel. "I have, however, sufficient income to do what I want to do, and what I prefer above everything is sea travel—not in a luxury liner, but in a good, solid cargo boat which takes just a few passengers. I spent some time in the Far East last year in a ship called British Prince—not too large and not too small. I got up when I liked and I went to bed when I liked. Sometimes I worked all day. Sometimes I slept all day. Sometimes I read all day. Isn't that better than acting night after night in a play, when, after some months of it, acting has become irksome and even an ordeal?"

Stage Photo Co.

Marjory Mars (left) as Henrietta, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Elizabeth, and Cedric Hardwicke as Edward Moulton-Barrett in a scene from "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," at the Queen's Theatre. Mr. Rudolph Besier, the author, recently published a disclaimer that it was intended to suggest that the late Mr. Edward Moulton-Barrett ever possessed any incestuous impulses

Stage Photo Co.

A scene from "Lucky Dip," at the Comedy Theatre. On the sofa sit Mrs. Carrington Horne (May Hallatt), dressmaker, and Adrian Hinchcliffe (Ballard Berkeley), novelist. At the back is Mrs. Cameron (Dorothy Black), a tragic actress, all complete strangers to their host and hostess

WHICH proves that Noel is not only a fortunate young man, but an extremely sensible one. For freedom, when one can afford freedom, is, to my mind, the only thing worth living for. Why men with millions go to an office every day, lose their temper over a telephone, and bully clerks, would be mysterious were it not for the obvious explanation that they like going on like that. Strange.

Strange, too, that *Private Lives,* perhaps the most sophisticated play of modern times, should have been written on board a cargo boat in the China Seas. Now, I suppose, we shall have some of Noel's young imitators booking passages in cargo boats and hoping for the best. Well, there's no harm in hoping, is there?

THE ART OF TRAVELLING LIGHT

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

Molyneux emphasises the simplicity of this evening frock by using a dull black mousseline de soie to fall in soft, flowing lines. The fichu is finished with a rose, and the skirt has a gauging just below the hips *Model Molyneux*

Now that the gloom of November days and long winter nights are upon us, there is a fluttering amongst the Butterflies and a movement South in the direction of the sun. With the convenience and rapidity of modern travel many are contemplating still longer flights and are going East where the sun shines with a surer heat. Wherever it may be, it is ever the question of clothes that is paramount.

For these lucky Butterflies there is so much being prepared, so many frocks and furbelows of all kinds being shown. Yet while so much variety is needed, a useful maxim to bear in mind is to "Travel light," as the most experienced travellers prefer to do. The art lies in only taking just those things that are necessary, and no more. Yet how many of us, even after the most careful heart-searchings, have left behind those things which we ought to have taken and not taken those things which we ought to have taken, until we feel we can scarcely live without them another minute! Many evening frocks we shall want without any doubt, and an easy way of obtaining variety is to wear coloured shoes with your black or white frocks and choose your costume jewellery, or the real thing if you possess it, to match exactly. Green (emerald), turquoise blue, ruby, and sapphire are smart colours to choose.

In Paris, particularly, the big couturiers are spreading their nets to catch the gay Butterfly, and lovely models are being created for her in the mid-Season collections, of which I hope to speak later. America has her sun-spots, too, and the Florida and Palm Beach Butterflies have to be catered for. There is something so distinctive about models that are to be worn where the sun shines brightly that makes our ordinary everyday clothes appear stuffy and dull-looking. White is always a good choice, as it lends itself to so much variation when worn with different coloured accessories.

Owing to the change in silhouette and the much-discussed Empire period revival, the corset has taken unto itself a new importance. There has been an outcry launched against the new boning and the suggested coming of the pinched-in waist. If this *were* to come to pass, it would indeed be calamitous, but modern athletic woman has shown again and again that she will have none of it. She has accepted the long frock for the evening, but her sports frock is still, and will remain, short. Almost every woman who is physically fit swings a golf club. How would this be possible in a stiffly boned corset?

All that has actually happened is that the corset is made higher, and most good corsetières recommend the bust bodice be fastened on to the corset if worn in a two-piece model. The one-piece, or sheath, is being preferred by many, but it should be carefully fitted, as no two figures exactly correspond. The old elastic hip belt, which is being so universally lamented, did far more to ruin the figure by compressing the hips and then pushing the flesh up into the waist

and leaving a roll of fat there. This is what is worrying most people now when the new corsets are carried up higher over the waistline. But they do not define the waist, merely keep a straight, unbroken line from waist to hip. If the slim young thing has a naturally small waist she is lucky, and can show it off in the Empire-cum-Greek period. If not, she would be wise to ignore it. There is a wide enough choice.

S

THE fitted hip-line is easily the most popular style. It is fitted in a manner of ways; with diamond-shaped insets, with gauging, with intricate seaming, and every art of the skilled couturier. Thence the skirt flows to the feet with godets, the new sunray pleats, or frills, for fullness is created in every possible way. The higher waistline is by no means universal, and many houses continue to show the waist at the top of the hip bones. Slim, one must certainly continue to be; and this can best be achieved, as the modern woman wisely decrees, by exercise, massage, and diet. Once more must one learn the lost art of "deportment" and poise; once more be taught to carry our shoulders well set back and to "tuck one's tuppenny in." So the much-maligned corsetières are not doing us such a bad turn, after all!

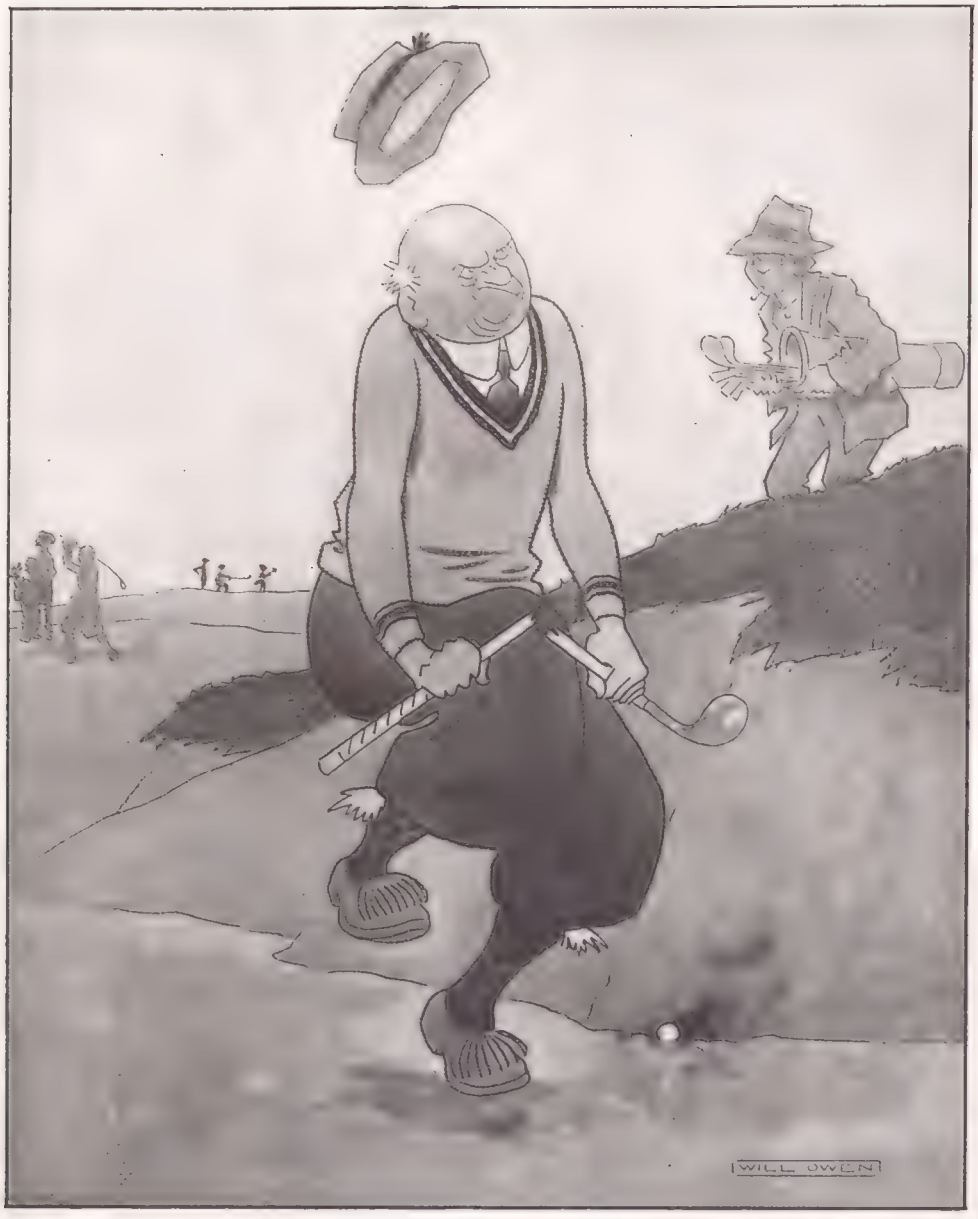
S

FOR the success of the different styles it is necessary that they should be carried out in appropriate fabrics. Heavy satins and crêpes that hang in weighty folds lend themselves to classic Empire styles; soft taffetas to the one-sided drapery, or the bustle, rivulets of chiffon to fall down at the back in a suggestion of a back fullness, and lace reinforced with horsehair to make it stand out at peplum or hem. The square décolletage is seen a great deal, and there is no end to the ingenuity shown in shoulder-straps. They are in strasse, coloured beads, and even large jewelled hook and eyelet holes which fasten the straps to the bodice. Lamé is continuing its popularity for evening and smart afternoon, and the bolero jackets are by no means done. Expressed in bright-coloured lace they are a distinctly new feature to accompany black or white lace gowns.

S

AN idea that appeals to the élégante is the fur lining to the short coat for day or evening wear. For the latter, ermine is the preferred choice, dyed black or in its natural white. Where this is too costly, shaved lapin is the general alternative. For day wear, tweed coats are similarly lined and bordered. More and more is flat fur handled as though it were a fabric. Hats are made of it, and it appears on gloves, borders scarves and outlines necklines. Fur is now a distinctly decorative adjunct to dress as well as serving to keep you warm. B. B. E.

A Schiaparelli model which attracted much attention shows a plain black suit with a novel tunic waistcoat in soft white antelope. *Model Schiaparelli*



By Will Owen

AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE

THIN ICE

By Peter Trevor

"YES," remarked Lady Cantilever, "I agree with you. Just because we are Victorian there is no reason why we should not try to keep up to date. I know I do. . . .

"Was it not the Dean of Bosham who once remarked that he would try anything once. . . . It was not the dear Dean? Well, anyway, it does not affect my argument. Every new craze that comes along finds me, as the sailors say, 'ready, aye, ready.'

"What's that? We have to share these crazes with the proletariat? My dear Henrietta, why *shouldn't* we? In these hard times, when Peers have to work the whole of their lives to pay death duties, Baronets sit on boards to make both ends meet, and Knights aren't worth ten a penny, it is only to be expected that the plebs, who are the only wealthy class nowadays, should participate in our pleasures. . . .

"Take the latest craze, for instance. Skating. Isn't everybody doing it? Don't we hear of a Peer's daughter acting as an instructress at a rink? And why not?

"Nevertheless, I must confess that this mixing sometimes leads to awkward experiences such as I had at a rink the other day. . . .

"Don't be ridiculous. Of course I'm not too old, and it was not because the rink was crowded. In fact, it was comparatively empty, and as I am still a little out of practice I was glad to be able to have plenty of room, even though this did not prevent me from nearly tumbling. . . .

"It was at that moment that a man, evidently an expert, skated towards me and, bowing, said, 'I see that you are a little out of practice. Can I be of any assistance by taking you round?'

"A charming man, my dear, with an old-world courtliness which appealed to me greatly. What is more, I knew I had met him somewhere, but for the life of me I couldn't think where.

"HE was *most* attentive and most useful. . . . No, don't be absurd, Henrietta, I am not a vamp; far from it; but I was grateful to him for his assistance, and said so when he left.

"And when leaving he bowed once more—so difficult on skates—and said that to serve me was always a pleasure. So picturesque. At least, I thought so at the time. . . .

"And then, my dear, conceive my amazement when, next morning, I went to buy some salmon, which I always choose myself, to discover why I was right when I thought I recognised my cicerone. He was the young man in the fishmonger's shop. Then I understood why it was he said it was a pleasure to serve me. . . .

"No, I'm *not* a snob, Henrietta. I think that young man was considerate and kind-hearted, but it *does* make shopping awkward if we are beholden to our tradespeople for such social attentions. How can I demand a better slice of salmon when he has saved me pounds and pounds in arnica?

"And ought I to thank him once again for his services when we meet in the shop? What *can* I say . . . .

"'Pass it off with a pleasantry!' I don't quite follow you. . . .

"Nonsense, Henrietta! I'm modern enough to realise that puns are out of date, and I absolutely decline to ask for a nice skate off the ice!"

P. T.

"Politics are very uncertain nowadays."

"They certainly are! Why, after a fellow manages to get elected he doesn't know whether he's going to take credit for what happens or whether he's going to get the blame."

* * *

TEACHER: "Now tell me the truth, Jones. Who did this homework for you?"

PUPIL: "Father, sir."

TEACHER: "Quite alone?"

PUPIL: "Oh, no. I helped him with it, sir!"

BY TREYER EVANS

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

DRAMA À LA RUSSE—"LITTLE

BY LESLIE BUTLER

IVAN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY"

Fort

FORT

DUNLOP

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

C.F.H. 488

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

CONNOISSEUR

By URSULA BLOOM

MRS. CHEVINGTON was undecided between the blue frock or the green. The blue reminded her of Watts' "Hope," but there was something about the green that attracted. She considered that it gave her a Franz Hals' aura. It was darkish green, severe and rigorous; it reminded you of dark forest trees threaded through with the quick little fires of sunset. She thought that the green frock was undoubtedly the one.

It was a pity that she was growing a little plumper, but she hoped it was not noticeable. Until recently she had scarcely looked her forty-five. Her husband had been wont to say, "Girlie, you have the gift of eternal youth." Girlie was his pet name for her. She wished that he wouldn't; she had asked him many times not to call her that. He had apologised and had honestly tried not to, but it slipped out again. It was so trying of Henry, for although they had made money and gone on he was still common. A woman can outgrow her commonness, a man can't. Henry still called napkins serviettes, and he *would* call her Girlie.

Girlie does not fit in with an art aureole.

When they had made money Mrs. Chevington had cultivated the rôle of connoisseur. Dinah had started it. Dinah was the orphaned child of Henry's only sister, and when she had come to live with her uncle and aunt she had taken up art. Henry was Dinah's guardian until she was twenty-five; he kept an eye on her, and made sure that no young rascal married her for her money. It was she who infused her aunt with the connoisseur cult.

The little suburb accepted Mrs. Chevington's opinion. She set herself up on a pedestal among them. Culture was the great thing. She did not pretend to understand the new school, the creative school of to-day, to which Dinah belonged. She called it "the splotch impressionist," and believed that she had said something rather clever.

DINAH at twenty-two was slender, pale and carroty. You could never make much of Dinah, even though she had an aptitude for painting the sort of extraordinary picture that never seemed to be hanging the right way up. Dinah liked all those difficult and trying pictures that figure at the Academy year after year. Youth is like that. It has not the connoisseur air of mature experience. Mrs. Chevington exuded artistic experience.

She adjusted the green dress, for this was a most important occasion. She was taking Dinah to the Shaws, because the Shaws had Hope Brown staying with them. Hope Brown was a lion. He had "arrived." He painted lovely studies after the Dutch schools, with a command of colour that few artists could rival. She chose the green dress, after all, for its impression. Everyone knows about Watts, but she usually found few who could discuss Franz Hals. Yes, she would be Franz Hals. She would bring him into the conversation, and people would nudge each other and say, "That clever Mrs. Chevington, she knows what she is talking about," and even the great Hope Brown would be impressed.

Dinah came downstairs languidly. She wore the dreadful old coffee-coloured frock that she had had last year. It had no line about it, and the colour was unbecoming. It made her skin look like mud, and her hair mere sand.

"My dear," reproved her aunt, "surely for a great man like Hope Brown?"

"He'll have to take me as he finds me."

Youth is trying. It will not be led.

"Such a pity!" murmured Mrs. Chevington under her breath as she tried to straighten the tired Leghorn on Dinah's head. "Such a great big pity!"

They passed out into the sunshine, where Henry Chevington was spraying the roses for green fly

"Have a good time, Girlie," said he, as he strutted up and down in masterful manner with the spray.

Mrs. Chevington wished that he would not. He was a dear good sort, but he was fat and bald, and she longed for a husband with a languorous Latin presence. Henry was common. She had never been able to drench him in her own culture. People accepted him for the sake of knowing her, and she did not care about it.

IMMEDIATELY Mrs. Chevington arrived at the Shaws she saw Hope Brown. He was lounging against the mantelshelf, surrounded by a little crowd of eager suburban ladies. He was tall, with dark eyes and waving line of brow, an olive complexion, dark, lustrous hair. A very beautiful young man, she decided; glittering. Yes, that was the word. She did not know when masculine beauty had stirred her so much. It cut into you sabre-sharp, deliciously cruel in its appeal. She could feel herself growing tense within.

He and Dinah had met before. That was the sort of thing that Dinah did. She never told you things, she was secretive; her aunt resented it. Dinah introduced him.

"All these people," said Hope, and he waved hands that were girlishly slender, "too trying. Let's get away into a corner where we can talk. I want to talk to you."

They found a corner of the Shaws' drawing-room, and they sat there talking. Mrs. Chevington felt the eyes of the assembly on her. It was her hour, her thrill. The centre of the stage was hers. She talked art. She floundered gaily into a discussion on the conversational pieces of Zoffany, of Guardi and Richard Wilson. She expressed a bold opinion of Sickert.

Hope was just back from Holland, where she had been only last spring, when the tulips flowed in warm rivers of colour through the bulb fields.

"The Mauritshuis," he said, "Paulus Potter's picture of a steer. The strength of it! The marvellous blue of Holbein's 'Man with a Falcon.' Rembrandt's negroes!"

"The Franz Hals," murmured Mrs. Chevington, bringing out her trump card.

"At Haarlem, yes . . . not at The Hague. Your frock reminds me of them."

"I meant that it should," said Mrs. Chevington simply.

But he had gone on. "You saw the van Goghs at Amsterdam? He could create. He lived colour."

"But the Franz Hals . . ." murmured Mrs. Chevington.

"I am staying here for a while. I am determined to paint something worth while, and I do so hope that we may be friends. I have taken a little room at the inn. It has honeysuckle peeping in at the window"

"Ah, sweet," said Mrs. Chevington, and wished that honeysuckle did not always remind her of spiders.

"You'll come and see me there, please? There is so much that I want to talk to you about."

"Gladly."

He laid one of his slender girlish hands on hers, and she wondered if he could feel how it set her pulses throbbing. "I wonder if I dare make a confession?" he said.

Exquisite moment! Young delirious moment! The flame of his youth scorched into her.

Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER, R.E.

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"Hush!" said Mrs. Chevington faintly, "hush!"

He looked a little amazed, but she was remembering with commendable conscientiousness Henry, fat and bald, spraying roses. "Have a good time, Girlie."

DREAMS had caught her in their gossamer mesh. She was suddenly young again. After all, although she was forty she was a young forty, and what is forty these days? She had been careful of her figure, and she cultivated face massage and had kept her complexion. In the Franz Hals aura she believed that she would pass for an agreeable thirty.

Walking home she said to Dinah, "What a marvellous young man!"

"He thinks a lot of himself," allowed Dinah.

Mrs. Chevington was piqued. "You will never marry if you are so faddy," she announced, "and it is such a pity. Your only chance will be if some fellow marries you for your money, and then your uncle will never give his consent."

It seemed unlikely that anyone would be attracted by Dinah. She was pale-eyed, too carroty, and she had freckles. Also she was gauche, and young men do not cultivate gauche wives.

Hope sent Mrs. Chevington an invitation:—

"Come and have supper with me if the proprieties permit. The moon is delightful and the garden delicious. I want to talk to you."

The proprieties permitted.

THE bright flame of youth was searing into Mrs. Chevington's heart. She bought a Liberty frock of blue shot with fiery threads of gold. It was a rippling frock. It flowed about her like water about a scintillating mermaid. She felt Nereidic in it.

The night was exquisite. They ate their supper in the garden, laid on a little rough table, with the trees whispering about them and the uprushing scent of honeysuckle and clematis and rose ambient about them. The supper was simplicity itself, a crisp cold lettuce, brown bread and white soft cheese. It was an artist's supper, with the moon casting fool's gold across the world. The ghost of coquetry danced into the garden, stirred among the brilliant arms of the trees, rustling, whispering and mocking. Mrs. Chevington talked art as she believed he desired it. Sometimes she floundered a little. It was difficult not to get the artists mixed; really, they were so very confusing. But Hope listened. Once he leant across the table and laid his hand on hers. His eyes spoke the words that his lips could not utter. "If only we had met before," he said. "There are lots of things I want to ask you."

"You shall."

"Mrs. Chevington . . . no, I can't call you that."

"My name," she said softly, "is Maggie."

How she hated the name! She had entertained the idea of re-baptising herself Margot. It was more cultural. Maggie sounded like a mangle and a portable copper and a lot of scrubbing.

"My husband," she added, "calls me Girlie," and then she met his delightfully wicked eyes and they both laughed. For he had met Henry with his passion for roses and for heavy, stodgy meals and his rather vulgar taste in ties.

Mrs. Chevington looked up to where the moon was flaming a trail through a serene sky, and she wisely changed the subject.

"I have loved art since I was a child. There was a picture of 'Bubbles' in the nursery, and Landseer. Proud stags, you know. . . ."

He did know.

"I studied Burnes-Jones."

"I don't like Burnes-Jones," he said plaintively. "His women give me a pain. A crick in my neck. They have bulbous mouths."

"Perhaps," she agreed, but she did not understand how anyone could criticise Burnes-Jones.

He clasped her hand closer and drew it towards his heart. "I want so much to talk to you."

"Not . . . not now," she said, "the night is too lovely." Because she was terrified that he would declare himself. She wanted to eke out the sweetness of her romance, she did not want the crisis yet. This was too exquisite. "Not yet," she repeated.

SHE got up disappointedly, and immediately she guessed that he was irritated. She was tongue-tied. She found art slipping away from her. Always she had known at heart that she was not wholly connoisseur. It was a veneer, a varnish on her commonplaceness, but no one had guessed it. Even Hope did not guess it now.

He saw her home. Outside the house, etched ebon against the silver of the moonlight, he

"She stood there as though she had been turned to stone. She

slowly raised her hand and saluted it with his lips. "I may?" his eyes demanded.

Her pulse throbbing in her throat suffocated her. She could not deny him, nor permit it.

Afterwards—a long time afterwards—she said like a stupidly love-stricken girl, "You will come in for a drink?"

He shook his head. "After that it would be sacrilege. There is something I want so much to discuss with you, Maggie, it is urgent. It is important. Please?"

But her woman's wit parried the thrust. All her femininity ached to postpone the exquisite moment. "Not yet," she said again, and her voice was hoarse with emotion.

Love had Mrs. Chevington in its clutches. Hope came most days.

"What on earth do we want him hanging round here for?" asked Henry rather vulgarly. "He looks like a film hero, and behaves like a fool. I suppose he is after Dinah?"

Mrs. Chevington smiled as one who has a secret within herself. Men cannot see very far, really—not Henry's type of man.

The secret of hope lay on her heart. She had been fond of Henry, quite fond, but she had outstripped him in intellect. He had been content to remain in the rut in which he had made all his money. Higher education had never interested him. She had fluttered out into the bright paths of connoisseur, dazzled into discernment. After all it was the fault of neither of them. He did not realise that she was still attractive to other men. She found herself living for the hour when Hope was with her. Bright hour, glittering hour, hour when the world shone goldly. Yet they did not discuss love, only art. She clung despairingly to art.

Once discussing Dante he said, "Alas to marry Gemma and then love Beatrice," and his eyes sought hers. It seemed to her that they were languorous with tragedy. The idea intrigued her.

"You're not married?" she urged. She wanted to be the Beatrice in his life, and the Gemma too. She thought only in the conventional lines of marriage. It would be a nine-days' wonder in the little suburb, the London papers would be full of it. She thought of it with pardonable pride.

"No, I'm not married . . . yet," he said. "Maggie, there is something I must tell you. . . ."

"No. . . . I won't listen . . . not yet," she persisted. She could not bear it yet. It was so exquisite that it hurt. It was a pleasurable pain, she could not endure it.

"for support against a small bronze Eros, the very figure that had betrayed her"

Mrs. Chevington began to study the divorce lists. A decree took a ridiculous time, she considered, as if people could not make up their minds without all that delay!

She built her dream castle.

They would live in Chelsea. It would be in a studio round which were clustered canvases from which strained impressions of

(Continued on page 368)

THE SEASON OPENS!

Fox Photos

IMPATIENT FOR THE FRAY!

Hounds belonging to the Cotswold Hunt in their kennels at Andoversford display a proper eagerness to be out and doing

News Illustrations

A check in a woodland glade during a run of the Hampshire following the opening meet at Rotherfield Park. The steaming horses provide a picture typical of many to be seen now that hunting is here again

Sport and General

The field and hounds moving off from the opening meet of the Wylye Valley, which took place at Norton Bavant Manor, the residence of Mr. W. H. Whitbread. These hounds are hunted by Mrs. A. F. Ellis and Mr. F. T. Spanton jointly

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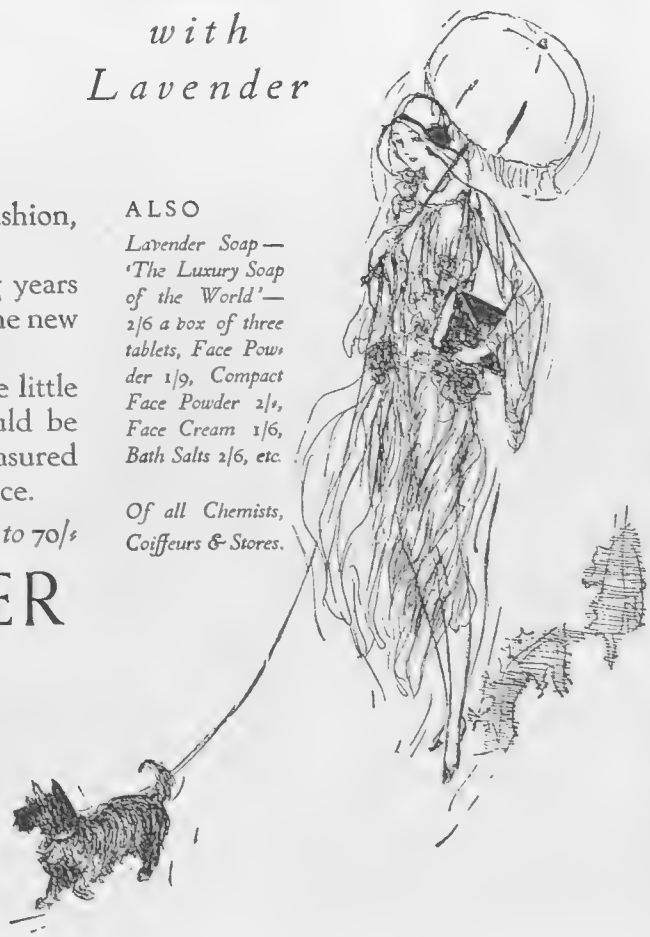

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FILM NOTES

The interior of the Zeppelin which is brought to the ground in flames during a scene in "Hell's Angels," the United Artists' picture, now at the London Pavilion

£800,000 FILM WAS IT WORTH IT?

By Lionel Collier

HUNDREDS of thousands of pounds were spent over a period of four years, and some lives were lost in order to provide the screen with its latest aerial war thrill, "Hell's Angels," now at the London Pavilion. The question that immediately presents itself is, "Was it worth it?" I should say decidedly not. With all its technically marvellous spectacle of a Zeppelin being brought down in flames, an aerial "dog fight" of vast proportions, and the bombing of a German dump by a Gotha captured by the English—a reconstruction of an actual occurrence this—the picture lacks dramatic effect. Its story is almost ludicrous, and in spite of the care taken to get the types of 'planes used in the War, the atmosphere is painfully un-English. It has not the hold on the attention which was so apparent in "The Dawn Patrol" and "The Sky Hawk," both of which deal with the same subject—the part played by German and English airmen during the War. Certainly spectacularly it is greater, but there is such tedium in the intervals between air sequences that they lose some of their force.

In this respect it resembles "Wings," which also suffered from a weak plot.

THEN, too, one can overdo realism. Shots of men being machine-gunned in the air and falling back with gouts of blood streaming from their mouths is not edifying; we can imagine this quite well without such unnecessary emphasis. Again, the ending is one which offends. A man shoots his own brother to prevent him giving away the plans of an attack to the Germans, of whom they are both prisoners.

IF this was the culmination of some soundly constructed dramatic story with a convincing characterisation it would be different. Here it is sensationalism for sensationalism's own sake.

I thought, too, that the depiction of a Zeppelin coming down in flames shown so shortly after the disaster of the R 101 was indefensible.

THE picture raises again the question of how far it is right to imperil lives for public entertainment. To my own thinking there can be no justification for the loss of a single life in any production whatsoever, even if a man is ready to take his life in his own hands for what the producers are prepared to pay him. Some years ago an outcry was raised all over the world because a horse and cart were driven over a precipice for an effect in a certain film. The horse had no say in the matter, but the men undertaking perilous film work do so

Lilian Harvey, the beautiful English girl who has become the leading film star of Germany. Although she was born in London, she possesses a perfect knowledge of German as well, and plays the principal parts in German and bi-lingual productions. She will be seen soon in "The Temporary Wife," and is now working on "Le Chemin du Paradis," a Ufa production

with their eyes open to the dangers they run. But even so, such conditions of service to make a public entertainment should not be permitted.

PICTURES TO SEE

"PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ" (Anglice Swank).
Harry Richman, Joan Bennet and James Gleason in a commonplace but tuneful and entertaining back-stage extravaganza.

"WHY BRING THAT UP!"
Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, give a sample of their inimitable black-faced comedy back-chat.

"OUR BLUSHING BRIDES," at the Empire.
A spectacular drama of varied interests dealing with the shopgirls of America, with Robert Montgomery, Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian and Joan Crawford.

Dorothy Mackail, the Yorkshire girl who has made a phenomenal success in America. Her latest picture is "The Office Wife," in which she appears as a secretary to a big business man, admirably played by Lewis Stone

Another scene from "The Office Wife." The tired business man finds relaxation basking in the warmth of the sun's—and his secretary's—smiles

Winnie Lightner, the sparkling comedienne, who can be seen and heard in "Hold Everything," at the Dominion Theatre. This Warner Brothers' and Vitaphone picture is an all-talking, singing, dancing and natural colour production of the famous musical comedy success

THE acting and the story require little notice. An opening scene at Oxford is frankly comic, while the American accents of most of the characters suggest that America controlled the British Air Force during the War. True, the two main characters, played very indifferently by Ben Lyon and James Hall, are described as Rhodes scholars in a discreet sub-title, but as later, when they are killed, a German officer remarks on the bravery of the British, it does not convince one for a moment that they were not originally cast as Englisnmen.

No American picture is complete without sex appeal, hence the appearance of Jean Harlow in a costume which was more vulgar than daring, in a voluptuous scene. This has nothing to do with the story, but, as I have said, one must have sex somewhere—or so the producers tell us. Until she opens her mouth Miss Harlow is certainly beautiful.

BERNARD NEDELL, who made such a success in "Broadway," appears for the first time in an English talkie, "The Man from Chicago," at the Dominion. It is a crook play which literally beats the Americans at their own game.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

AMONG the NEW BOOKS By Ralph Straus

THIS is the time of year when the new books come tumbling so fast from the press that it is difficult to know how to deal with them. It is also the time of year when I feel most inclined to declare that it would be a good thing for literature if no new books were allowed to be published for the next five years. In that case we might have reasonable time to look round for the good things which we have missed. Within the last week or two I must have glanced through more than fifty new books, good, bad, and indifference. Here are a few of the most interesting among them.

S

I MUST give first place to Geoffrey West's *H. G. Wells: A Sketch for a Portrait* (Howe: 10s. 6d.). This is a first-class piece of work, and considerably more than the sketch it sets out to be. Wells himself has played amiable godfather, though he refuses to believe in its necessity, and it emerges, to use H. G.'s own words, as a very exact and complete book. Not all novelists live interesting lives, but Wells's own story is almost as entertaining as any of his novels. His mother wished him to become a respectable draper, and a very young Wells did do his best to drape in the proper way; but counter-jumping is a poor form of sport at the best of times, and you are not surprised to learn that this unusual son of the Joseph Wells who once played cricket for Kent left the drapery trade to look after itself and became a schoolmaster.

S

IT must have been good fun to be taught by H. G., and I remember long years ago reading a text-book by an H. G. Wells and wondering whether he were any relation to another man of the same name who had just enchanted me with his *Wonderful Visit*. But H. G. had other plans for himself, and what they were most of the civilised world by this time knows well enough. Mr. West describes his career in picturesque detail. He is an enthusiast, as is right and proper, but he has his bump of caution. It cannot be an easy matter to write a good book about a man who is still alive; it is difficult enough to write one about a man who is well and truly dead. But I must say that Mr. West has come out of his ordeal remarkably well. You read his book and become imbued with more than a little of his enthusiasm.

"BARBARA CARTLAND" Dorothy Wilding

Whose new novel, "For What?" (Hutchinson's) is reviewed in this article. In private life she is Mrs. A. G. McCorquodale

INCIDENTALLY, the book has a personal interest for myself. Two of its illustrations come from my own library, and you are now able to see H. G.'s own ideas of a Martian and of the immortal Kipps. H. G. may not be a first-class draughtsman, but his queer little sketches, designed and finished in a minute or two, are more than merely diverting, and I should like to see a better Kipps than the one which his creator drew in my study one evening years ago.

S

THEN there is *Steinhauer, The Kaiser's Master Spy* (Lane: 18s.), the story as told by himself and edited by S. T. Felstead. I cannot say that I was greatly impressed by Steinhauer himself—he is rather too pleased with his own accomplishments — but his book is certainly amusing. I can hardly believe that his various disguises were quite as perfect as he likes to think. To judge from the photographs, you would think he was always about to take part in some very amateurish theatricals; his beards look like nothing on earth. But at least he is honest about his failures, and there were occasions when the corners in which he found himself were really very tight indeed.

"ARTHUR KIPPS, ESQ."

One of the illustrations in "H. G. Wells: A Sketch for a Portrait," by Geoffrey West (Gerald Howe Ltd.; 10s. 6d.) This sketch is Mr. Wells's own idea of Kipps, and was made by him for Mr. Straus in his personal copy

S

HIS portrait of the Kaiser tells us little that is new, but that, too, is not without its interest. On the whole, however, I am inclined to think that the novelists do this kind of thing rather better than the spies themselves. And yet there is one man alive to-day, in a position to know, who could write the most wonderful book of the kind ever likely to be printed. In all probability he never will. I mean, of course, Sir Reginald Hall, our war-time Director of Naval Intelligence, who furnishes the introduction to Mr. Felstead's book. The introduction is disappointingly brief, but it bears witness to the "extremely interesting and informative" character of Steinhauer's story.

S

AND so to the novels, and first to Miss Barbara Cartland's new story of the Highlands, *For What?* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.). This, it seems to me, is easily the best she has done. It is a simple, and even, in a way, an old-fashioned love-story, but it is told very surely and well, and it genuinely moves you. This, you feel, is exactly the kind of thing that is so constantly going on about you. It nearly happened to your good friends the So-and-Sos, and people always said that those nice What's-their-Names once passed through much the same sort of crisis.

S

THE trouble with Ann McLorn is that her beloved Peter had a rather serious flirtation

(Continued on page 368)

DEWAR'S

A CASE OF WHISKY—FOR 37/6! Three full sized bottles of "White Label," carefully packed and secured ready for sending off at a moment's notice ● Three full sized bottles of a whisky that makes even a Scotsman remember his native land with more than customary gratitude! Whisky with the clean rich flavour of barley malt, the softly lingering fragrance of a slow peat fire. Blended with the art and skill of generations, matured through years of patient waiting ● Whisky that says in the clearest possible way—only the best and finest, my friends, is good enough for you. Wonderful gift, wonderful whisky—"WHITE LABEL."

"White Label"

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 366)

at just the wrong moment. Ann thought that it was something else, and in desperation and for safety married the very nice but very dull Alan Dunclair. And when they discover the truth, that age-old problem suggests itself: what is to happen? Is she to be "courageous" and run away and damn all the consequences that there are likely to be? Surely she must. And then, once again at the wrong—or is it the right?—moment she finds that she is to have a child. But the child is killed in a motor accident, and Peter still loves her, and what can possibly stop her now? But something does, and when you reach the last page you can legitimately heave a sigh of relief.

Now I know that in real life these domestic troubles do not always right themselves in the end, and virtue has an unfortunate habit of missing all rewards whatsoever. Yet Miss Cartland never seems to be too beneficent to her heroine, and Ann's final happiness does not seem to be forced. I read the whole book through at a sitting and enjoyed its quiet and faithful pictures of Highland life equally with its sympathetically told story.

Then John Heygate has written a new school story about Eton. *Decent Fellows* (Mundanus: 3s.) is a first novel. Dry bobs and wet bobs for three bob: Etonians will buy it in their thousands. As a mere scug of an Harrovian, I am not perhaps the best judge of its merits. It seems to me to be a detailed and very faithful picture of an ordinary boy—almost too ordinary. There is nothing in it which will cause Etonians or anybody else to demand Mr. Heygate's blood. It is just a plain, honest sketch, a little too long, perhaps, and a little too detailed. But the pictures are vivid, and the difficulties of a boy who has to mix with wealthier people than his own are sympathetically and not unamusingly described by the author.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Stories From The Operas. By Gladys Davidson. (Werner Laurie: 8s. 6d.)

Lighter London. By Hubert Steele. (Delgado: 6s.)

This Human Nature. By Charles Duff. (Toulmin: 12s. 6d.)

The River. By Tristram Tupper. (Bles: 7s. 6d.)

A Knight In Kurdistan. By Stephen Haden Guest. (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)

The Lost Garden. By G. C. Foster. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)

A Woman of the Tudor Age. By Lady Cecile Goff. (Murray: 18s.)

Then there is *Peregrine* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7s. 6d.), by B. Dyke Acland. I had read none of this author's work before, but found him excellent company. Peregrine himself is what used to be called a white man. Nowadays, I know, this is a term of disrepute amongst the highbrows, and is almost sufficient to damn him. And I must say that I think he was stupid to wait so long for his Ursula—owing, I need hardly say, to the fact that she is rich and he, at the beginning, very poor. But if Peregrine has most of the qualities which make a good squire, he is also not lacking in business acumen. In fact he beats the financiers at their own queer game, and that is a matter for general rejoicing. A jolly book.

Also there is *Rynox* (Collins: 7s. 6d.), by Philip Macdonald, and *Rynox* is one of the most ingenious thrillers I have read for a very long time. I know that many good folk are bored to tears by these thrillers, but I can only say: read *Rynox*, and if you are not highly entertained and thrilled and puzzled and, finally, full of admiration at Mr. Macdonald's dexterous imagination, I will eat my hat or any other article of clothing which has become too old for wear.

R. S.

CONNOISSEUR (continued from page 359)

faces peered out. Grotesque faces. Dim nudes curling round dark cushions. A mullioned window at the far end . . . a throne. . . .

They would marry quietly when all the fuss was over, and honeymoon abroad. She has a passion for Juan-les-Pins, with its sand and pines and abandon. Or perhaps Venice, green gloom of water, round breast of della Salute against a grape-bloom sky. Stars pricking out above the square at midnight, glitter of mosaic, plucking tinkle of stringed music, essence of magnolia.

"Let me dine with you to-morrow night," he whispered frantically, "and afterwards we must talk. I insist. You shan't put me off any longer, Maggie, I will challenge you."

She could not speak because she knew. Everything had pointed to it. She tried to think of Henry, but the thought of him did not hold her any longer. He was just fat and bald, a nice enough fellow, but common. Their intellects were so far apart.

"Afterwards in the garden," said Hope.

Hope's eyes seemed to sear into her. She could feel the swaying flame of passion eddy in her being. In the garden he would tell her that he loved her. She was going to cast everything to the four winds of Heaven. Glamour had got her. Juan-les-Pins, with the sun-baked sand and the ripple-less sea. Venice, green and grey and deeply sapphire, city of the immortal lovers, Capulet and Montague.

She put on the new flame-coloured frock that evening.

"Upon my soul, Girlie," said her husband, "you look so sweet that I am quite sorry I have to go out. I suppose Hope will be here?"

She nodded, she could not trust herself to speak.

"You need new pearls," said Henry criticisingly, "I'll get you some. Really, Girlie, though I says it as shouldn't, you're the prettiest woman in the suburb. I'm proud of you—damned proud of you. Pearls, a double row, eh, Girlie?"

She tried to express her gratitude, knowing that when the pearls came to her she would have gone.

The maid told her that Hope had come; he was, she said, in the sunk garden with Miss Dinah. Mrs. Chevington thought that she would surprise him. She lifted the flame frock about her and tripped silently across the grass in her new gold shoes. They were a little tight across the instep. She must have the strap loosened. As you grew older shoes did get tight like that.

She could hear the rustle of Hope's and Dinah's whispering, and the chuckle of their laughter as she approached. She was hidden by the pergola of riotous Dorothy Perkins, and she heard what they were saying.

"It's been mean," from Dinah.

"Not at all, my sweet. We had to get her consent. She will get round the old man all right. Haven't I put up with her burblings about the pictures she did not understand? God! the times I've tried to cut her short, but no, on she'd go again. . . ."

"Poor darling!"

"Connoisseur. She is suffering from the Landseer and Marcus Adams complex."

"Never mind," from Dinah.

"We'll be married soon and forget all about your aunt's drivelling."

She stood there as though she had been turned to stone. She leant for support against a small bronze Eros, the very figure that had betrayed her. Mrs. Chevington was a great woman. She made a masterful effort and she pulled herself together. Green grape bloom of Venice and sun-sweet Juan-les-Pins, cool vista of studio and marble of nude, she dropped them all into the bitter fountain of renunciation. Before her eyes there flashed the picture of Henry, perhaps a little vulgar, perhaps a little usual, but never critical. He would be coming home with the pearls in his pocket. She braced herself for the ordeal.

She walked into the rose garden wagging a roguish finger, and there was something rather splendid about her.

"Ah, you two," she declared. "You thought I didn't know. But you can't have your silly old aunt like that. I knew all the time and have been playing up to it."

U. B.

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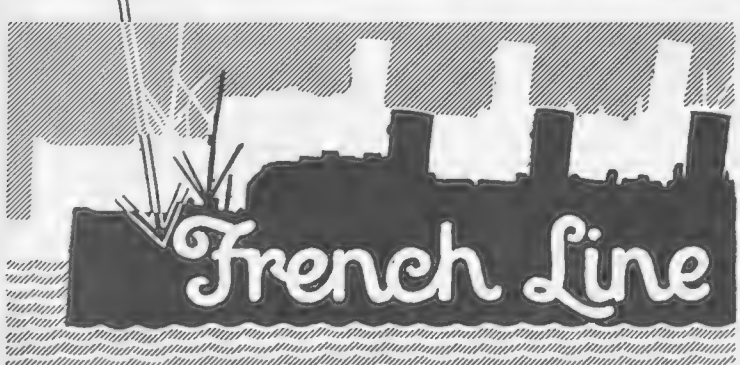

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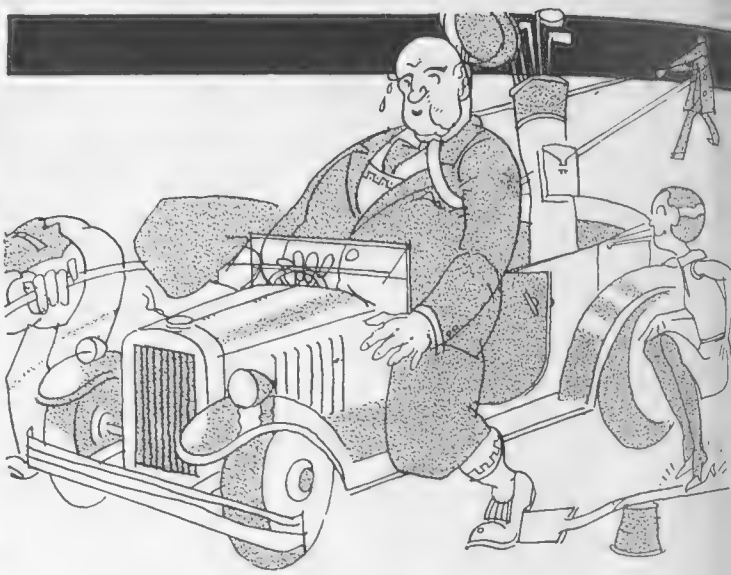

"And after lots of shouts and groans They get dear papa in"

But seriously, ...

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Two Recent Dog Trials

Lorna Countess Howe and Lord Vivian at the Kennel Club's Puppy Stakes Retriever Trials. They were held at the former's residence, Idsworth Park, Horndean

Capt. Parker Begg's crossbred retriever, Michael of Tamnamor, with his bird after retrieving. The photograph was taken at the Ulster Gun Dog League's Trials at Drenagh, Limavady, Co. Derry

Admiral Sir Roger Keyes and Miss Keyes on their way to take up their position at the Kennel Club's Puppy Stakes Retriever Trials at Idsworth Park

An incident during the Kennel Club's Puppy Stakes Retriever Trials at Idsworth Park. The Earl of Chesterfield's Beninbrough Teazle is seen retrieving to hand among the roots

The Hon. Mary Ward with her retriever bitch at the Ulster Gun Dog League's Trials at Drenagh, Limavady. She handled her own retriever

SHOOTING NOTES

The Earl of Reading changing guns during Lord Melchett's shoot. It took place recently at Melchet Court, Romsey

THE ELUSIVE SNIPE

By "Clodhopper"

ALTHOUGH the full snipe, in common with his near allies the aldermanic woodcock, the rare double-snipe, and the ever-plump and lazy "jack," is essentially a wader and not a true game-bird, he is—and very rightly, too—regarded by the majority of shooting men as being the best little feathered "sportsman" under the sun. I use the word "majority" advisedly, as there are also not a few good game-shots whose powder, whenever a "long-bill" screws away before or behind them, as the case may be, almost invariably proves as crooked as the flight of the bird itself. Such devotees of the gun are rather inclined to anathematise snipe as "foul-feeding little devils not worthy powder and shot." All the same, one never remembers having met either a sportsman or an epicure who despised a spit of these delectable birds when roasted before a clear fire with a square of toast beneath them to catch the "trail."

THE owner of a small but rattling good mixed shoot in Lincolnshire tells me that snipe, in far greater numbers than was the case this time last year, have arrived in the marshy portions of his land from their summer habitat in Northern Europe. There are certain well-favoured spots on the marshes in question to which snipe habitually resort in considerable numbers. Among the best of these feeding grounds are the wet tussocky patches and those in which wild rice and clumps of rushes flourish. Such moist places have a great attraction for Gallinago, as have also rushy water meadows bordering on rivers and streams.

AN experienced snipe-shot will beat every square foot of these well-favoured haunts very carefully. He should, however, be accompanied by a steady and close-working retrieving gun-dog of some description, otherwise he may lose a large proportion of his birds.

Photographs *Wide World*

The Hon. Henry Mond, M.P., Lord Melchett's heir, in action at his father's shoot at Melchet Court

I have heard more than one sportsman aver that a wounded snipe will never run. Won't he, begad! As a skulker he is also bad to beat, and clever as a field-shrew in taking cover in a tussock of grass or any other available herbage.

BUT, strange though it may seem, one comparatively small patch of bog or marsh will sometimes be found full of snipe while similar ground of the same snipe-walk may hold never a bird. Again, on one particular marsh there may be scores of dykes and fleets, all of which, to the eyes of mere man, appear to be almost identical and equally well adapted to afford both shelter and plenteous feeding. Yet the sides of some of these drains will be found simply honeycombed with the borings made by the bills of the birds in probing for food; while others have been severely left alone. Another puzzling thing about these favourite snipe haunts is that, although you may bag the sole occupant of one of them to-day, his place will assuredly be filled by another of his kind to-morrow. I know of an insignificant patch of Trentside marsh that would yield at least one or two snipe every day in the season unless sealed by ice. It is sheer waste of time to exploit such places when they are frozen hard. Under such conditions of weather snipe must, perforce, either migrate to "sunnier lands" or seek their food along the banks of rivers, streams and other waterways too swift of current to be affected by ordinary frosts. In really severe wintry weather both snipe and woodcock are frequently killed by wild-fowlers on the ooze-banks and among the brackish pools and gullies of the saltings and foreshores.

THE most experienced of snipe shots may try every likely and unlikely corner of a marsh without so much as seeing or hearing a single bird. This swift-winged denizen of the flats and peatlands is so erratic in his movements that to-day you may flush him while walking up partridges in a field of roots and to-morrow he may be boring in the mud of some morass a hundred miles away. I have found snipe in all sorts of strange places. Upon one occasion, with the assistance of an old Clumber spaniel, I shot quite a decent little bag by working the dog along a "blind" and muddy ditch literally within a stone's-throw of the High Street of a busy Essex market-town. The early part of a thaw following a brief but sharp frost is the best time to shoot snipe. The birds so gorge themselves after fasting that they may almost be "kicked up."

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

LEARN TO IDENTIFY RAT RUNS

I REMEMBER horrifying the members of the Game Committee which was set up during the War by affirming that poison was the only effective means of reducing rats to the manageable total that could be kept in check by trapping. Their keepers used it all right but treated it as one of the things best not mentioned in polite society. However, they took the matter up with enthusiasm and so started the movement which comes to a focus during Rat Week. The reason for widespread and simultaneous effort is that rats quickly grow wise to every device for their destruction. Possibly the only exception is a trap set over water in a manner to drown the first squeal. All who have the interest of game at heart should collaborate to prevent the worst of all vermin from gaining a foothold. In spite of propaganda there still remain sundry neglected places which act as so many centres of migration. Game is, of course, only one sufferer out of many of their depredations, but as the best means of dealing with the scourge was worked out by the keeper, and as the areas under preservation suffer daily encroachment, the technique must be passed on. In due course perhaps rural industries will discover the need to follow gamekeeper methods as regards other harmful species. But that is anticipating a very distant future.

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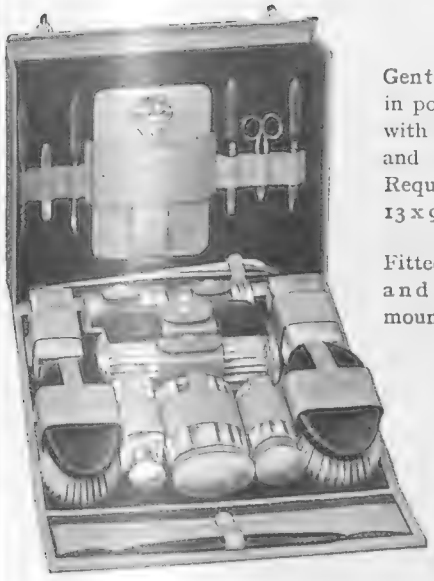

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DOGS

RICKETS AND ITS CURE — By Lady Kitty Ritson

RICKETS is a very prevalent disease amongst badly raised puppies, and a very distressing one. It is caused, generally speaking, by damp, wrong feeding, lack of air and sunshine, though sometimes it is due to heredity. Very often if you buy a puppy from a bad kennel, or a bad dog-shop, you will find that its front legs are bowed, and it seems to be resting on its hocks. This is because the soft bone has not been supplied with sufficient bone-forming substance to make it resistent and hard.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that the big protuberances at the knee joint are a sign of rickets, as in breeds such as Alsatians, mastiffs, etc., they are natural and a sign of growth. A puppy that has suffered from rickets can be cured quite sufficiently to be a pet, but it would preclude its being shown with any success. And should you be so unfortunate as to buy a rickety puppy and you wish to keep it (and who would have the heart to return it?) you must adopt the following treatment.

GIVE it plenty of air and sunshine, and at the same time never let it get damp or lie about in the wet. Don't keep it cooped up, but encourage it to run about and exercise a little. Give it raw meat to eat, and every day provide it with a raw egg whipped up in milk, and, if you can manage it, a little cod-liver oil. Cod-liver oil is very rich in the vitamins necessary to fight rickets. Orange juice is strongly recommended by many vets as being of the utmost value; I can only say that my dogs bring it up after having been given it for a few days, and it does not seem to suit them, but that is no reason against other people trying the remedy. Be careful to allow your dogs to eat as much grass as they want, it is Nature's own medicine, and they often eat it to cure indigestion. They bring it up in a ball composed of froth and perhaps a few hairs, etc., a few minutes later, and it is a normal thing to do. If they don't vomit it, they probably need it in their system and digest it.

Miss Tuppenny of Ware, one of the most appealing of our young actresses. She appears as Flush, Elizabeth Barrett's loyal friend, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," at the Queen's Theatre

PHOSPHATES of lime given in a bit of butter every day is an excellent preventive and cure of rickets. You buy it at the chemist's, and you can give as much as will lie on a shilling once a day to the big breeds, and correspondingly less to the smaller ones. It should always be given to pregnant bitches.

RICKETS is almost always a sign of neglect or ignorance. So many people still seem to believe that diluted cow's milk is the proper food for puppies. It isn't. If they have been brought up by their dam they only need a milky food, such as "Savaline," for a short time, and then they should be put on to meat and biscuit. By this treatment they will never get rickets, and you will make them strong and able to withstand the ravages of disease. Next week I am going to tell you how to make the best of a "bad job" dog or puppy.

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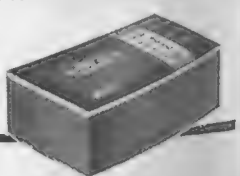

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One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

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Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

A WINTER AFTERNOON ENSEMBLE IN BEIGE AND BROWN

There is more than a suggestion of the redingote about the new winter coats, for they fit trimly at the waist and are flared at the hem. This silhouette is seen to perfection in the beige wrap on this page. It comes from the Maison Arthur, and is lavishly trimmed with brown caracul. A beige romaine dress completes the ensemble and achieves distinction by a series of cleverly inset godets and intricate strappings. The scarf collar ties at the back

An artistic coiffure created at the Maison Georges. Soft, broad waves form a flattering frame for the face, and a cluster of curls on the neck adds a touch of individuality and charm

A Triple Entente in Art

By Olive Caley Smith

Priceless Jewels

It is said that there is nothing new under the sun, but Londoners enjoyed a novel entertainment when Captain William Ogden joined forces with a well-known creator of fashions and showed, at the Cambridge Theatre, a collection of wonderful jewels and clothes, the most striking of which were set to specially composed music! The colour and line of the gown was said to determine the tempo of the piece, and the jewels provided the tune. Certainly it was easy enough to understand how rich a store of inspiration lay ready to an artist's hand. One of the largest and most perfect diamonds in the world formed the central motif of a magnificent sautoir, and a bracelet was set with the twelve finest diamonds ever mined in South America. Originally collected for Dom Pedro, the last Emperor of Brazil, they have been combined with emeralds and reset in the form of a ribbon bracelet. A modern three-piece suit consisted of a hat clip, necklace, and bracelet, composed of ancient Oriental rubies, emeralds, and sapphires carved as flowers and leaves.

Fashion Furs for 1930

The time is long since past when a fur coat, so long as the skins were good, fulfilled all that was required of it. To-day women demand a fluency of cut which resembles that of cloth, and in consequence smooth-haired pelts are taken by expert furriers and intricately worked until they have almost the suppleness of velvet. The results of such skill may be judged at the Grafton Fur Company, 164, New Bond Street, where each coat really deserves to be described as a masterpiece. Much might be said about the original sleeve treatments and the interesting things that are done with collars, both on long coats and short ones, which are well represented. Brown broadtail allied with blue fox, beige Chinese broadtail enriched with cocoa ermine, bamboo dyed Java squirrel, these may be seen side by side with the humbler but very effective pony, while straight wraps of such hard-wearing furs as black or natural musquash are not forgotten.

New Coiffures

However fascinating a topic clothes may be, they are rivalled by at least one other thing—and that is the subject of hair vogues and hair dressers. At the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, where authoritative information is always forthcoming, it is stated that the day of very short hair is definitely over. This season it will be worn long enough to permit of individual styles, so that women will no longer look all alike, but it will not reach the shoulders. Permanent waving is carried out by special methods in these salons, loose broad waves or soft curls being achieved with equal success. For those whose tresses are in an unruly stage there are curled chignons which can never slip out of position, though they are very light and comfortable. As to M. Georges' La Naturelle transformations—they are world renowned, and so perfectly is the work carried out that they are indetectable from nature even upon the closest scrutiny. A very interesting illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent free on request.

Fragrant Memories

Even though a woman is perfectly clothed and groomed, her personality lacks expression if she makes not one perfume peculiarly her own. Because always the thought of her should be associated with a haunting fragrance the choice is one that cannot be lightly made, for such considerations as environment and occupation cannot be overlooked. That is why Caron's perfumes—Bellodgia and La Nuit de Noël—are so greatly appreciated, for they have a subtle freshness and sophistication which accords perfectly with the temperaments of modern women. Though they cannot be described as inexpensive they are certainly not dear—a point which is important.

A luxurious coat of silver-grey American broadtail, with a large roll collar and unusual bell cuffs of natural squirrel. It comes from the Grafton Fur Company and is cut on beautifully slender lines

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with all the proved advantages that only a straight eight can give .... now at the price of a Six.

Tourer	£335
Safety Tourer	350
Saloon	355
Safety Saloon	375
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Four-door Coupé... ...	355
Drop-head Coupé... ...	415

Sunshine Roof £10 extra on all closed models.

FOURTEEN
At prices that mean greater value.

6-Light Weymann Saloon	£285
Four-door Weymann Coupé	275

Safety Glass & Vacuum Servo brakes Standard. Sunshine Roof £10 extra.

How lightly the wheel responds to her touch; how easily, noiselessly the gears are changed; how thoughtfully have all the controls been arranged—each where her hand can naturally fall to it. And what comfort there is in the restful support of well-designed upholstery.

Every driving problem and every road condition she meets with equal ease and confidence—so delightful is the Vortic to handle; so rapid is its acceleration in the ingeniously designed 'Traffic Top' silent gear; so smooth and powerful are its straight eight engine and servo-assisted brakes. This is indeed a car built to make driving easier.

COACHBUILT SALOON . . . £425

Sunshine Roof £10 extra.
Triplex Glass standard.

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London Service Depot:
Lodge Place, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8.

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FLYING NOTES

Photopress

Preparing to launch a glider at the Oxford County Gliding Club's ground. It is launched by means of a car which, joined to the glider by a rope, jerks it in the air by reaching a speed of 30 m.p.h. This is the first place in this country where the method has been employed

GLIDING AS A WINTER SPORT

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Riding on Air

GLIDING in its simplest form can be likened to ski-ing, in that one spends much time and labour dragging the glider to the top of a hill only to reach the bottom again in a matter of seconds. A large number of people get plenty of healthy exercise in the open air, and once in every two or three hours each has an opportunity of making a flight. The sport of gliding lies partly in the exercise obtained and partly in the chance of encountering an unexpected current of air enabling the flight to be prolonged beyond a mere "straight" into the valley. In this manner pilots are trained for sail-planing, which is really air-yachting, the art of riding on air. Herr Robert Kronfeld, the German instructor who has spent the summer in England training people at our clubs, has created records which should stimulate all members to continue their practice during the winter. His record for distance is roughly one hundred miles, and some of the routes which he has found suitable are from Folkestone to Guildford, Eastbourne to Winchester, and Lewes to Portsmouth. The British Gliding Association, of which Mr. Howard Flanders is secretary, has thirty-six active clubs under its direction. About one hundred gliders and sailplanes are in use over here, with five factories engaged in their manufacture. There is no doubt that gliding creates the air-sense, and is a valuable kindergarten for those who want to fly power-driven aircraft when they can afford them. As a cheap winter sport which does not need the Alps as a background I can thoroughly recommend it.

The Hanworth Club

THE position of National Flying Services in the scheme of things aerial has been strengthened considerably during the past few weeks. After the Chairman's report, which was at first sight disappointing, it was realised that the company had several valuable assets, not the least of which was the club at Hanworth, where flying under ideal conditions takes place. During the past three months more than fifty members have been trained as pilots, and the club list is well into its second thousand, with nearly 600 members on the active flying list. People come to England from all parts of the world to learn to fly. The Moths, Bluebirds, and Spartans at Hanworth have been used to train thirty-four members from overseas this year, all of whom go back to their own country full of enthusiasm for our instructors and our aircraft. There has been talk of establishing an International School of Air Pilotage in England, where training could be obtained not only in the air and in the workshops, but in the class-room for theory and navigation, finishing with a course on multi-engined aircraft and possibly seaplanes. With the exception of the latter Hanworth is well situated as the centre of such a school, which should obtain the support of everyone interested in the progress of British aviation. The most successful club affiliated to the N.F.S. is that in Yorkshire, of which Captain H. V. Worrall, D.S.C., is the chief pilot and manager. The Yorkshire aviation ball is timed from 9 till 2 at the Majestic, Harrogate, on Friday, November 21.

The Success of the Cirrus

CIRRUS in one sense refers to a cloud formation of ice crystals appearing like feathers in the sky at a height exceeding 20,000ft., travelling at great speed and invisible when flying through it at that chilly altitude. As a proper noun Cirrus is the name of our first practical light aeroplane engine which continues to repeat its early successes. Only last month it took first, second, fifth and sixth places in the circuit of Poland, being fitted in each case to an R.W.D.4 machine piloted by a Pole, or, anyway, a word which has been badly translated. Out of fourteen Polish entries eleven machines had British engines, six being Cirrus or Cirrus Hermes, three were Genets, and two were Gipsys. The Britannia Trophy was awarded for flights on Cirrus Moths by Fl.-Lt. Bentley and Lady Bailey in 1927 and 1929, and to Sqr.-Ldr. Hinckler for his Australian flight on a Cirrus Avian in 1928. The King's Cup and the Siddeley Trophy were won by Miss Winifred Brown on a Cirrus Avian this year, and the Grosvenor Cup was annexed by a Cirrus Moth. C. E. W.

P. and A.

A broadside view of the giant Dornier Do X, which started its transatlantic flight last week. She is the world's largest flying boat

MOTOR NOTES

A SURREY BEAUTY SPOT

A Ford Cabriolet climbing the steep hill to Newland's Corner. This famous beauty spot near Guildford is one of the most popular in Surrey

OUR "LITTLE OLYMPIA"

By E. M. Wright

NUMBERS of motorists on four wheels are apt to despise the motor cycle. They regard the machine itself with active dislike and look on the riders as being but a degree better than the push cyclist—the *bête noir* of motorists and motor cyclists alike. I hesitate to remind such gentry that there is a Motor Cycle Show at Olympia. It was almost with shame that I began to write of this "Little Olympia"—of the Motor Cycle Show which began last Monday and stays open till the end of this week. But talk of motor cycling brings back to me such a flood of early memories that I forget my shame—forget even that I have ever owned a car. For like so many other motorists, I graduated from a push cycle to a motor-cycle; and ultimately, as the years began to weigh a little more heavily upon me, invested in a car.

***

MANY a motorist who nowadays would never dream of even trying out a friend's motor cycle will find himself—as I have found myself—examining with the keenest interest the gleaming mounts which throng Olympia's halls. Truly we can say with the crusty old retired colonel, "things have changed since my young days." Motoring is not divided into water-tight compartments. The great strides which have been made with cars are fully reflected in the motor cycle industry. The catchwords of the motor salesmen are echoed by those who deal in motor cycles. The makers' aims are almost identical. And this is surely the less surprising when it is remembered that many a famous firm in the motor car world is equally well known as a maker of motor cycles. The Triumph people, for instance, were famous long before they had ever built a car, and now another motor cycle firm, the A.J.S., has followed their example. The Humber people, of course, not only build motor cycles, but even condescend to push bikes, while Sunbeam two-wheelers enjoy a reputation as good as that of their namesakes on four—though made by an entirely separate concern.

***

JUST as in the motor car world, the aim everywhere is to build better and to build cheaper, and prices, as a matter of fact, range from somewhere about £20 upwards. A tendency, long familiar with motorists, is to make smaller and lighter machines and to render them so simple in operation as to appeal to the non-technical "owner-rider." Again, too, the feminine influence is by no means absent. Colour schemes play as important a part in the make-up of a modern motor cycle as they do in that of a modern car. And luxury has an equally important place. Sidecar outfits are in reality baby saloons with wind-screens and even cigarette-lighters!

***

ONE feature, though it cannot reveal itself at Olympia, will yet attract motorists more than any other refinement. Makers are at last seriously tackling the problem of silence. Ask the average man in the street (or in the car) why he does not like motor cycles, and he will reply laconically: "Their noise." But when a motor cycle can proceed with all the silence of a well-bred car the critics, too, will be silent—at least for a space.

***

OF infinitely greater importance, however, than any of the improvements to individual models is the development which the industry as a whole reveals. The Olympia Motor Cycle Show is the greatest display of its kind, because the country which sponsors it leads the world in motor cycle design. American motor car production overshadows that of the rest of the world. For every car we build the Americans turn out twenty or more. But one motor cycle in five is British made. True, we do not lead in quantity. That honour belongs to Germany. Yet the margin is comparatively small, and in point of quality we are the unquestioned leaders. In many overseas markets, indeed, we enjoy almost a monopoly of the trade. In New Zealand, for instance, but 2 per cent. of the motor cycles imported are of foreign manufacture. Motor manufacturers are still struggling to improve their precarious foothold overseas. Motor cycle manufacturers have captured the business from American and other rivals.

(*Continued on page* iv)

A CAR OF DISTINCTION

A 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce with a Thrupp and Maberly Sporting Torpedo Cabriolet body

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The Best Car in the World

"Silence plays a great part in the impression which the 20/25 h.p. Rolls-Royce creates. The car is one which will travel smoothly up hill and down dale, mile after mile, at a cruising speed of 50-55 m.p.h. with practically nothing to show that it is propelled by an internal-combustion engine. Indeed, the absence of engine noises or tremors is almost uncanny."—*The Motor, 23rd September 1930*

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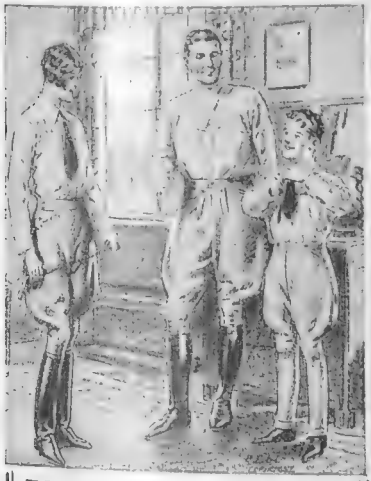

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Influenza, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, etc.
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MOTOR NOTES (*continued from page* ii)

EVER since the Standard Nine was first introduced it has been my favourite light car in its class. This is saying nothing derogatory about its competitors, for in reality during 1929 and 1930 it had none; its nearest rivals in the 10 h.p. class were priced at £250-£260, while the ordinary Standard Teignmouth saloon was but £215. So it occupied a niche in the market quite its own. The 1931 model is not in quite the same favoured position, for its competitors have now been reduced in price to the same or a lower figure. In the meantime, however, the Standard has been vastly improved and represents even better value for money.

***

THE body is as large as anyone could possibly want who cannot go in for a luxury car, the equipment is very full, and the 10 h.p. engine, which has now had the benefit of nearly three years development, gives the car a very lively and enjoyable performance. The braking is excellent. But what struck me most in a trial of the latest model was the steering. This is now of the Marles design, and is the best I have tried on any car under twice the price. It is so positive and certain that one can control the vehicle to an inch at any speed.

ANOTHER excellent feature is the silence of both engine and gears. I am speaking of the ordinary three-speed model at £215. (There is, of course, a four-speed model with silent third at higher prices.) At low speeds it is almost impossible to tell that the engine is running, so silent is the power unit. Of the bodywork one could hardly speak too highly. The wells in the rear compartment give a very full degree of leg-room. As to appearance, the new car is greatly enhanced by its bigger radiator and the stylish lines of the bodywork. A cheaper model with simplified equipment and artillery wheels is available at £195.

The Vauxhall "Melton" two-seater which Mr. Edwin Salomon, of Burma, bought in 1923. So pleased is he with its performance that, instead of buying a new car, he has just spent over £250 in adding "finishing touches" to it. The exterior parts are now chromium plated, the coachwork is white, with cherry-red bonnet flutes

ALTERNATIVES to our present system of motor taxation are legion, and recently I attended a gathering at which Sir Percival Perry, head of the Ford interests in this country, explained a scheme which he has evolved and has already presented to the Government. Briefly, he advocates a tax on the declared catalogue price of the car. This would mean a big increase on cars of low horse power and high price, and a corresponding decrease on those in the opposite category, such as the Ford. Undoubtedly it would help our overseas trade, but is it practicable? These critics of our present taxation system all assume that it is the tax question that makes our small cars so popular in this country. That may have been so once, but I am convinced that it is not the case to-day. Whatever the incidence of tax, these cars would still be the favourites because they are so light on petrol, oil and tyres, and attractive to drive.

***

HOWEVER, Sir Percival's scheme has one advantage not possessed by all alternatives to the present system: it does raise more money, which is most essential if it is to stand any chance of winning the favour of a modern Chancellor of the Exchequer E. M. W.

The Vogue this Winter is "Nell Gwynn" Candle-light

"Dine by Nell Gwynn Candle-light," says fashion.

This winter hostesses everywhere are lighting their Dining Tables with "Nell Gwynn" Candles. Slender, many coloured, these candles are in themselves lovely things. A room gains an atmosphere of romance when lit by "Nell Gwynn" Candle-light.

Candle-light is alive; it gleams in the glass-ware and shines in the silver; it is kind to skin, eyes and hair and reveals all the beauty that a harsher illumination will destroy. Wit and conversation flourish in this sympathetic light.

No matter what the style of the room, it can be made more appealing and alluring with "Nell Gwynn" Candles. For burning on the dining table we specially recommend "Nell Gwynn Antique" Candles; these taper artistically throughout their length, and being solid dyed, not surface tinted, the candle cup is of the same colour as the candle itself.

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are most acceptable Gifts.

As gifts "Nell Gwynn" Candles bring permanent delight. There is a special new Gift Box containing four 14in. Candles with four coloured Candlesticks to match. This lovely Box costs only 5/-.

For further information please write for a delightful free booklet, with coloured illustrations, called "Lights of Other Days," to J. C. & J. Field Ltd., Dept. "A," London, S.E.1. Established 1642, in the Reign of Charles I.

For Decoration, Too.

The slim, elegant shapes of "Nell Gwynn" Candles make them an essential ornament for every room. Displayed on the mantelpiece, on the side-board and the table, they give the final touch to the general decorative scheme. There is not space to describe all the lovely types, but there are as many as 36 different colours, and 10 different varieties.

Aldwych.

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Interesting and beautifully illustrated Brochure on Egypt and its many attractions may be obtained on application to L. Suter, Esq., Secretary General, Egyptian Hotels, Ltd., Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo.

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Cataract Hotel, Assouan.

Continental Savoy Hotel, Cairo.

Mena House Hotel (Pyramids), Cairo.

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A popular family hotel in the centre of the town. Every modern luxury and convenience, including private bath for every room. Excellent cuisine. Exceptionally reasonable rates.

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In FAYOUN PROVINCE, which is one of the most picturesque parts of Egypt. Shooting Pavilion on the shores of LAKE KAROUN, a salt lake in the neighbourhood of FAYOUN, and offers excellent facilities for shooting and fishing. Ideal for sportsmen.

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

Hors d'Œuvres Variés.

Consommé au Parmesan.

Brochet of Smelts.

Filets de Bœuf Grenadines with Mushrooms and Poiveade Sauce.

Charlotte à l'Alexandre.

Canapés de Caviar.

Café. Dessert.

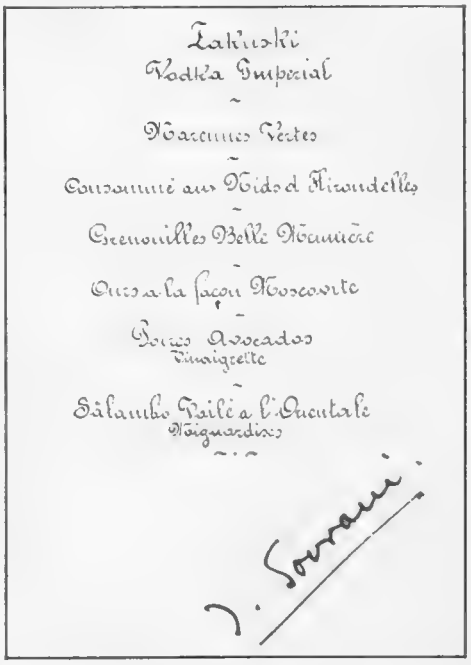
Brochet of Smelts

Melt some butter and spread it on a dish, and dredge raspings of bread on it, season with pepper and salt, chopped parsley and shallots. Over the smelts pour a glass of white wine, a little Worcester and anchovy sauces, and some of the above dressing of butter. Put them in the oven for a quarter of an hour, serve quite hot on a napkin, and garnish with lemon and fried parsley.

Filets de Bœuf Grenadines with Mushrooms and Poiveade Sauce

Cut a piece of fillet in slices three-quarters of an inch thick, and trim them to a pear shape about three and a half inches long and three inches wide. Lard these with fat bacon and put them into a sauté-pan with some brown sauce and a gill of Marsala. Put the pan over the fire, and when the grenadines are done glaze them and dish them in a circle. Fill the centre with a pyramid of small mushrooms mixed in poiveade sauce.

Poiveade Sauce.—Shred and wash the following vegetables: one head of celery, two carrots, two onions, one shallot, one clove of garlic, one turnip, two leeks, three tomatoes; then put them in a stew-pan with a quarter of a pound of lean ham and two ounces of butter. Fry them, but not very brown. Add half a pint of vinegar and let it boil till quite reduced; then stir in three ounces of flour and three pints of stock. Add a bouquet garni, six cloves, and twenty-four peppercorns, with a pinch of pepper and salt. Stir well and simmer gently one hour. Pass through a sieve, and it is then ready.



The menu of a dinner served at Sovrani's. It was attended by the Canadian members of the Imperial Conference

Charlotte à l'Alexandre

Line a mould with buttered paper, then with finger biscuits; fill it with the following mixture: ¼ lb. chocolate, ½ pint of milk; stir into it the yolks of three eggs and ¼ oz. of leaf gelatine. Put it on the fire till it thickens, strain into a basin, and when cool add half a pint of whipped cream. Pour this mixture into the mould and leave it to set. When turned out pour over it a little apricot sauce with pistachio nuts shred into it. For the apricot sauce melt four tablespoonfuls of apricot jam with about two tablespoonfuls of water; let it boil and pass through a hair sieve.

Canapés de Caviar

But some slices ¼ inch thick; cut them with a plain two-inch cutter, and fry these rounds in a little clarified butter till of a light golden colour. When cold spread them over with Montpelier butter, and place a layer of caviar on top. Squeeze lemon on them and serve. Montpelier butter is made by mincing some leaves of watercress as fine as possible, and kneading them with as much fresh butter as they will take up.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Decorations and medals, of which more than 900 were especially made by Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of London, for the recent Coronation of H.M. Haila Selassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia. (Left) The Order of Saba. (Right) The Order of the Trinity. (Centre) top, Military Medal (Order of St. George). Bottom, Military Medal (Order of Haila Selassie I)

For the Country House

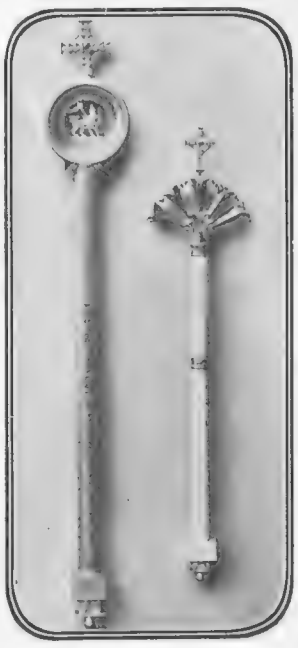
Lighting, heating and cooking become simple and economical matters in those country houses in which a Silverlite petrol-gas generator is installed. The Silverlite, which is worked by weights or by a small electric or water motor, does away with the need for coals and the consequent cleaning of fireplaces when cooking and heating are necessary, whilst for lighting purposes it gives a soft, brilliant light. Silverlite is colourless and non-explosive, and the generator, which is self-controlled, stops and starts automatically, works without noise or smell, and is very simple to tend. Full particulars may be obtained from Spensers (London), Ltd., 6B, London Street, Paddington, W.2.

Helping the Children

The Cots' Endowment Fund of the Children's Salon, which is conducted by *Britannia and Eve*, has recently received a donation of £50 from the Alexandra Day Committee. As a result, the Salon is now endowing its fourteenth cot in the Streatham Babies' Hospital.

For Hunting Folk

We can cordially recommend all hunting folk to purchase a copy of Baily's Hunting Directory for 1930-31, which is published by Messrs. Vinton and Co., Ltd., 8, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C.4, in red cloth at 10s. 6d., and full red leather at 15s., sixpence extra being charged in each case for postage. The 542 Hunts dealt with include foxhounds, harriers, staghounds, draghounds, foot harriers and beagles, basset hounds, otter hounds, and overseas Hunts. Details, including names of masters, hon. secretaries and hon. treasurers, days of meetings, and the country covered by each Hunt are given, and three hunt maps showing the foxhound countries will prove of great value, whilst the diary at the end will undoubtedly prove of great assistance. Another feature is an interesting review of last season's sport. This, the thirty-fourth edition of Baily, should certainly find a place of honour in every hunting man's library.



The Gold Sceptres presented by Their Majesties to the King and Queen of Abyssinia, on the occasion of King Haila Selassie's enthronement as Emperor. They were designed in the studios of Messrs. Garrard and Co., Ltd., 24, Albemarle St., W., Goldsmiths to the Crown, by Mr. Charles Sykes, and were produced in co-operation with Sir Ernest Wallis Budge

Now Winter's Here

One cannot be too careful to guard against the attacks which this climate of ours makes upon our health at this time of year, and wise men take the precaution of making sure that they are provided with an adequate supply of warm underwear with which to combat the cold and damp which is our common lot during this and the ensuing months. "Two Steeple's" and St. Woolstan wool underwear comes as a welcome protection at this time of the year, and many men are now safeguarding their health by purchasing garments of this make, for they are made of nothing but the most carefully picked botany wool. As befits wool of such good quality, it is skilfully knitted into garments which fit as only correctly fashioned underwear will. These garments, which are made in three weights, can be purchased in the following shades: natural, cream, heather, silver-grey, azure, pink, and apricot. They are made by Two Steeples, Ltd., at Wigton, Leicestershire.

Royal Gifts

The gold sceptres illustrated in the adjoining column are examples of outstanding merit of the goldsmith's craft. They were made by Messrs. Garrard and Co., Ltd., Goldsmiths to the Crown. Their Majesties sent them to the King and Queen of Abyssinia for the recent Coronation ceremonies.

Mayflowa SHOES

SHOES for TO-MORROW BY THE HOUSE OF

No. 0742. Nightingale shade in Python Skin Court. Delightful marking and subtle shade. Cubain, Louis XV Heels. 45/-

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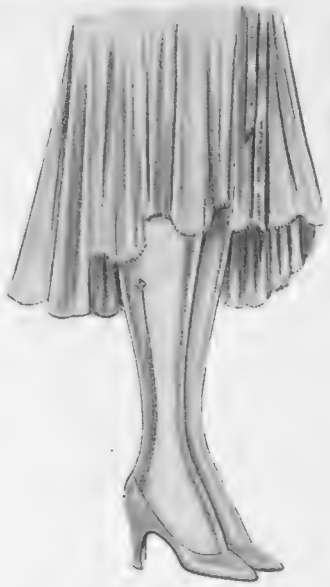

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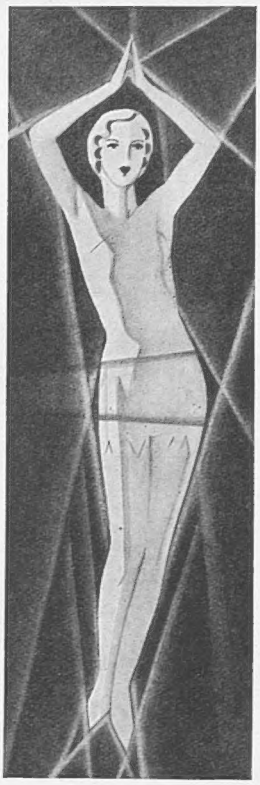

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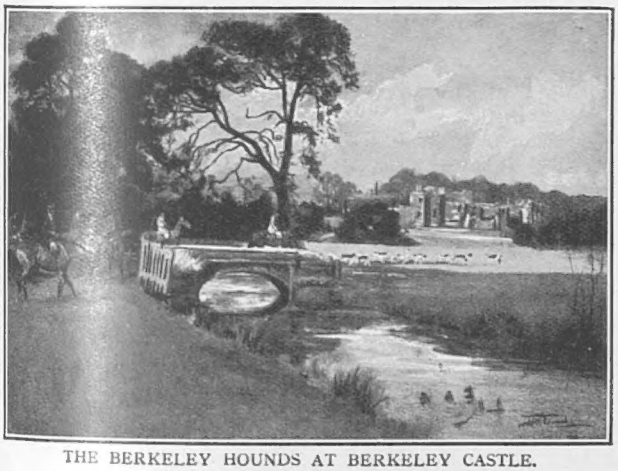

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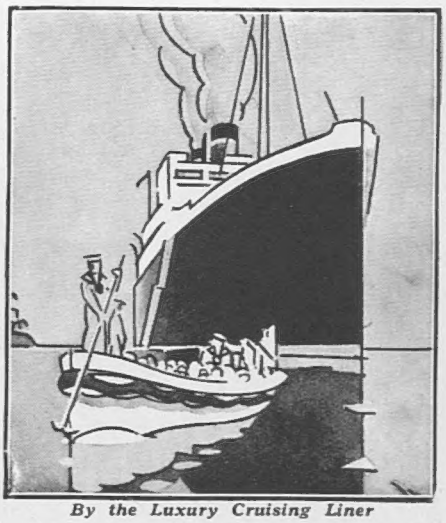

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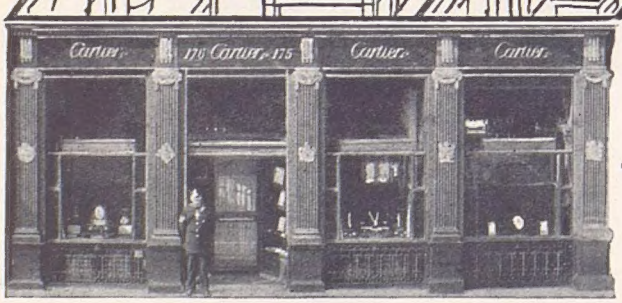

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Some minutes after a beginner's sniff of perhaps half a gram, a lovely warmth invades the body; one appears to be liberated from chains, to float in serenity, but with the additional joy of an intensely sharpened intelligence which enables you to flit brilliantly from thought to thought. Everything becomes luminous, clear; you have entered another world of the mind. Every care, ugliness, is banished; and gradually a delicious voluptuousness overtakes you, leaving anything else you may have experienced far behind. This voluptuous sensation is general, not to be localised, but is of the body as much as of the mind. And as one of the effects is the annihilation of time, certain primitive instincts find unexampled outlet. The whole being is thrilled by a feeling of absolute happiness in which an extreme sensitiveness only absorbs rosiness and rejects all else. Sometimes you feel you are soaring aloft, weightless; then you fall back into a lovely languor. Gorgeous pictures, scenery, rise up in your vision. Or you are scheming out a hundred new and brilliant notions for the future. As for the world with all its woe, you simply are unaware of its existence. A man may have lost the one he lived for, and forget it. A banal book becomes thrilling, poor wine tastes like nectar, a cheap cigarette might have come from a super-harem. And you don't care *that* about anything or anybody! So it is with the beginner. Nor do you suffer greatly—at first—in the coming-back-to-earth period. You just feel uneasy, restless, not yourself, wanting quiet and solitude more than anything else. You take it. And next day feel really little, if any, the worse. And what a wonderful three or four hours you have had!

It may be weeks before you try again; but the day will come . . . .

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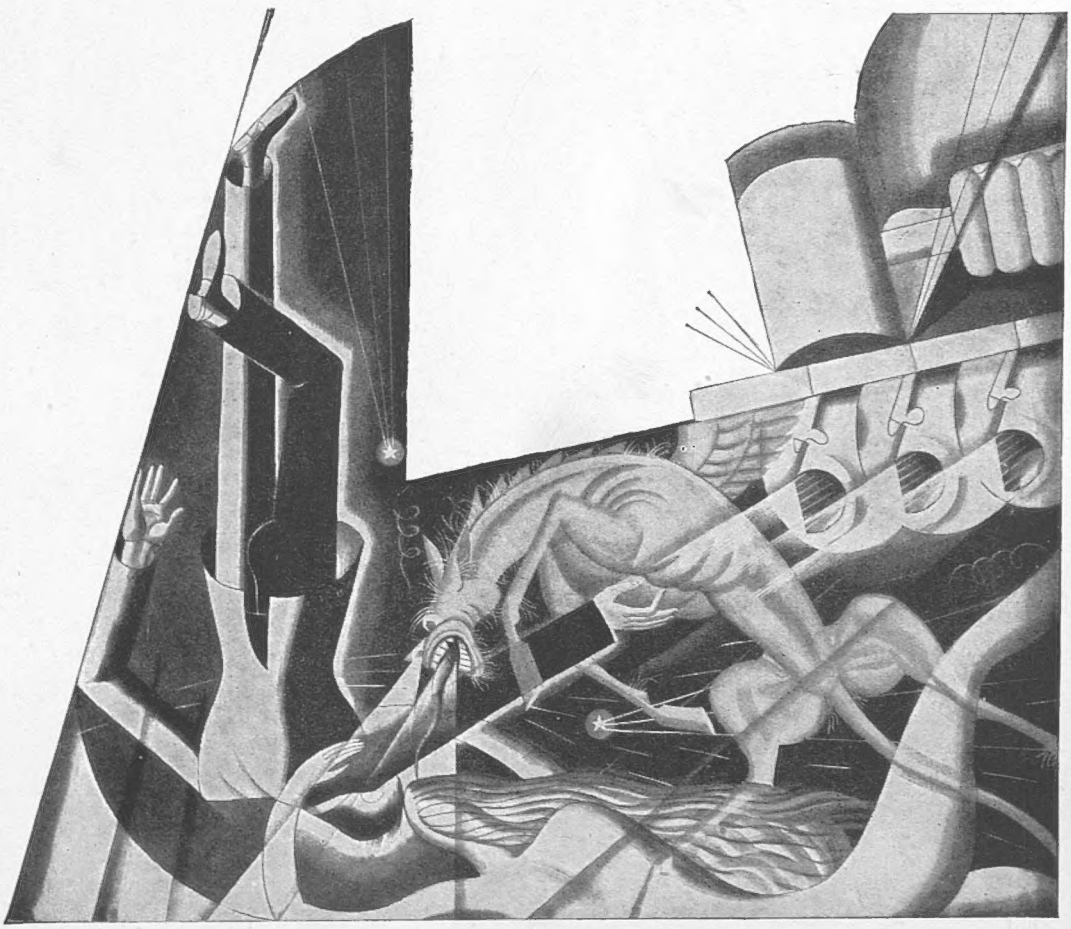
I do not wish to sensationalise, I deal in facts. And here is one fact which will loom larger and larger in the immediate times ahead; unless something radical is done about the cocaine and heroin traffic, we shall be breeding a high racial percentage of idiots twenty or thirty or forty years on. I have no doubt that something will be done—although the task is dreadfully difficult—but my job here at the moment is to try to set down a living picture of the present state of the dope traffic, together with its effects. Several months' cruising round Europe led to the assembling of the material here collated. Brussels, Bordeaux, Berlin, Vienna, Tunis, Toulon, Paris, Geneva, Marseilles, are only a few places that come to mind. The thing is widespread, and for reasons which will become apparent. It might be as well if the zealous League spared a little of its time and energy from attacking the British Empire over the opium traffic and diverted its talent towards routing out and curbing the ravages of the Crystal Fairy. Opium sends one quietly into dreamland, whatever its subsequent workings. Cocaine and heroin breed criminals, wrecks, lunatics, and have the direct opposite effect of smoking a soothing "pill." . . . .

An Article few people Could Write . . . .

Much has been written upon the evil of the drug-taking menace, but it has not often fallen to the lot of an experienced journalist to secure so vivid a picture of the "snow" taker's hallucinations . . . . then the descent, deeper and deeper, until death can be but little beside what the addict goes through.

The story is hard to write because the addict cannot tell.



'It may be hoped that the day is not far distant when the control of the manufacture of such drugs in all countries, as urged by the Committee of the League of Nations, will cut to the root of an evil against which civilised opinion is thoroughly roused.'—"Daily Telegraph."

In "THE CRYSTAL FAIRY," by Ferdinand Tuohy, amazing revelations unmask the growing traffic in tragedy from dope . . . . cocaine — heroin! Read this remarkable article in the November issue of BRITANNIA & EVE.

BRITANNIA AND EVE

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

ON SALE NOW—ONE SHILLING

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